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SALVATORE ACCORSI. Remember the name. It belongs to an obscure Italian workman now on trial for his life in Pittsburgh for the murder, in 1927, of John J. Downey, Pennsylvania State trooper. On August 22, 1927, a number of workers and their families were holding a meeting in the apple orchard of a private farm near Cheswick, Pennsylvania, to protest against the execution in Boston of two other obscure Italian workmen named Sacco and Vanzetti, doomed to die that very night at twelve. Almost as soon as these fatal names were mentioned, mounted State police burst into the farm and with tear gas, clubs, and revolvers broke up what had been a quiet and altogether legal meeting. In the confusion and violence that followed —during which 300 men, women, and children were injured —John J. Downey, one of the troopers, was killed. Meanwhile at Russelton, six miles away, Salvatore Accorsi, according to several witnesses, had been busy repairing his old Ford car. Having finished his repairs, he started down the road in the car. He was stopped by some of the raiding troopers who were searching for the murderer of Downey, questioned, and then permitted to go on. Accorsi continued to live in Russelton, unmolested, for eight months following the murder. Then, since he was out of work and had been evicted from his home by the Republic Iron and Steel Company, he moved to Staten Island with his wife. Meantime, at the coroner's inquest, the troopers who took part in the raid on the meeting swore that they did not know who fired the shot which killed Downey. Almost two years passed. In June, 1929, W. M. Brown, one of the State troopers, remembered with miraculous clearness that it was Salvatore Accorsi who had shot Downey. Accorsi was found in Staten Island, living with his wife and children—two of them born since the Cheswick raid—and working as a day laborer. He was indicted for murder, and extradited to Pennsylvania where he is now on trial. Publicity and money may yet save him. We hope that both will be forthcoming.

THE PROMOTION of Colonel Patrick J. Hurley, Assistant Secretary of War, to the headship of the War Department places in charge of the military forces of the country one who himself fought with distinction as major and lieutenant-colonel in the World War. The press has made much of the fact that he is the first citizen of the old Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, ever to enter the Cabinet. This is interesting, of course. Far more important is the question, which cannot now be answered, how much of a militarist he is. It was very much to the credit of the late Secretary, Mr. Good, that he refused to make jingo speeches and showed a general disinclination to let himself be used as the mouthpiece of the War Department militarists. We sincerely trust that Colonel Hurley will profit by this example. A man of large means, a founder of the United States Chamber of Commerce, a bank president for several years, it is hardly to be expected that he will be an ardent advocate of a change in our military situation. Yet the very fact that he is a man of affairs must create the hope that he will loyally support the President in his desire to cut down the tremendous expense to which the government is now put for our needless military and naval burdens.

FROM VARE TO GRUNDY—what a fate for Pennsylvania! No sooner is the former again rejected by the Senate and welcomed back to Philadelphia by 2,000 of his supporters who greet him with "We are back of you, Bill," than the Governor must needs offer the vacant Senatorship to Joseph Grundy, prince of tariff lobbyists. And in a way Grundy merits it. No one has worked harder for the manufacturers of Pennsylvania who own the State. No one living has, we suppose, raised more money for the Republican Party than he who poured $800,000 into the Coolidge campaign fund and $1,000,000—one-tenth of all that was raised to elect him—into Herbert Hoover's campaign treasury. Are these not achievements worthy of a Senatorship? Ought not the party of prosperity and unlimited campaign funds to exalt the man who can rake in the cash at election time more expertly than anyone else? Ought we not to have on the floor of the Senate the man who declares for tariff walls so high that not a single foreign manufactured article which is also made in Pennsylvania can surmount them and enter this country? Let us by all means have in official life a champion of the tariff ultimate—the logical conclusion of the

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whole tariff fraud. There he will be in *propria persona,* a monument to the extent to which rapacity, selfish greed, and special privilege will go—and, incidentally, an illustration of the type of men with whose aid our statesmen like Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover are willing to pay their way into the Presidency.

RAMSAY MACDONALD, in marked contrast to President Hoover, has chosen, beside himself, three delegates to represent England at the coming naval disarmament conference who are determinedly anti-war—even pacifists. They are A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, Arthur Henderson, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Captain Wedgwood Benn, Secretary for India. A veteran of Gallipoli and a distinguished flier on the Italian front, Captain Benn is a consistent advocate of no more war. He is, however, as determined a fighter for his beliefs as any man now in the House of Commons. Arthur Henderson, unlike MacDonald, chose to take part in the conduct of the war, but no one can question his eagerness now to advance the cause of peace at every point. As for Mr. Alexander, he is a refreshing person to have at the head of a naval department for he, too, is devoted to the making of a warless world. Finally, Mr. MacDonald himself may be expected to do his uttermost to achieve something really worth while. Again we regret that Mr. Hoover's delegation contains several convinced militarists who cannot be other than lukewarm in their espousal of a genuine disarmament program.

PRESIDENT HOOVER RECOMMENDS that the Federal Power Commission be composed of full-time commissioners in place of the Secretaries of War, the Interior, and Agriculture, and that the commission be given certain regulatory authority in cases of interstate transmission of power, though he would guard jealously the powers of State commissions. The importance of the commission's work is little realized. Its accounting division, in particular, ought now to be laying securely the foundations of the future rate structure, but it will not be allowed to do so if its work is transferred to untrained accountants outside the commission, as was proposed in the notorious confidential memorandum of last summer and as has been urged by the commission's executive secretary. A series of striking articles by Drew Pearson in recent issues of the Baltimore *Sun* has given extracts from an unpublished report of the commission's accountants showing the overcapitalization of certain power companies. According to this report the Niagara Falls Power Company, for example, the great New York concern in which J. P. Morgan and Company have become heavily interested, claims "a fair value" of more than $77,000,000 on an actual investment of not more than $20,500,000. There could be no clearer illustration of the need of an adequate, trained accounting force for the Power Commission if rates in future are to rest on actual investment, as was the purpose of Congress, and not on the capitalization of hoped-for earnings, as is the accepted business practice.

SO THE UNITED STATES has finally signed its name to three protocols which provide for the membership of this country in the World Court. These must in turn be submitted to the Senate for ratification, which will probably be delayed. Thus begins a new chapter in our relations with the rest of the world, the worth of which must be tested by time. Our readers are aware of *The Nation's* attitude on the World Court. We have never been enthusiastic about it and have always regretted the failure at Paris to build on the Hague Court rather than to institute a new one so clearly allied with the League of Nations. The American reservations have seemed to us, moreover, to devitalize the court not a little; we have opposed every one of them, believing that all members of the court should be on an equal footing—as we have insisted that to be a real world court it should have universal jurisdiction. As it is, we cannot become excited about our adherence to this new tribunal, but can only hope that the court may confound its critics and become in the course of time and its evolution the kind of court which the world needs and ought to have.

FLOOD CONTROL is still a live question in the Mississippi Valley, and is likely to remain such until the government gets further ahead with its plans for keeping the flood waters within bounds. "Conflict of opinion . . . over the proposed floodway from the Arkansas River to the Gulf of Mexico," Mr. Hoover told Congress in his message, had led him to "withhold construction upon this portion of the Mississippi flood control plan until it could be again reviewed by the engineers for any further recommendation to Congress." This seems to suggest that the old controversy between the army engineers and the Mississippi River Commission is likely to be ventilated again. Meantime, however, Mr. Hoover recommends an increase from $30,000,000 to $35,000,000 in appropriations for the next fiscal year for other portions of the great undertaking. The opening of a nine-foot channel in the Ohio River is to be followed by the development of other parts of the Mississippi River system for barge and steamboat traffic. In Missouri, at least, the federal courts appear to be doing their part in expediting the flood control project by refusing to allow insurance companies and others to obstruct the expropriation of land for levees and other necessary purposes. "If another great flood catches the valley unprepared," says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* "and it is again necessary for the Red Cross to rally the people everywhere to the relief of the homeless and starving, it will be the fault of those who feel themselves injured by the government control plan."

"ALL THE LIVING MEMBERS of the jury which convicted Thomas J. Mooney in the bombing of the Preparedness Day parade" in San Francisco in 1916, an Associated Press dispatch announces, "now have gone on record in favor of executive clemency for the former labor leader." The list has been completed by the action of J. W. Miller, the only juror who held out against clemency, in writing to Governor Young urging a pardon on the ground that the testimony upon which the verdict was based was "of doubtful character." Under ordinary circumstances it would seem difficult, if not impossible, for any governor to hold out against the weight of testimony and appeal which has been built up about the Mooney case, and even those who are most reluctant to believe that the war is over and that no great disaster at arms now threatens the country might well exert themselves to clear California of its uncivilized taint. A good many Americans pat themselves on the back and thank God that they are not like other people

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when reports of political persecution or judicial tyranny come from the Balkans or Russia, but a glaring political, judicial, and administrative crime is being perpetrated in California, one of the sovereign States of "God's country," without the bench, the bar, the intellectuals, or the business community rising in revolt.

THE SPECIAL CONVENTION of the International Ladies Garment Workers, now being held in Cleveland, marks the end of the communist control of this union and probably of the influence of the Workers Party in the needle trades unions of New York City. The internal conflict in the union of cloak, suit, and dressmakers in the past seven years has brought disruption within the organization and complete loss of control over the industry. All of the progress since 1910, which had made the Ladies Garment Workers one of the strongest and most progressive trade unions of the country, was dissipated in the struggle for political supremacy and for the acceptance of alternative economic dogma. Steps to rehabilitate the union began early this year with the return of Benjamin Schlesinger to the presidency of the organization. He was faced with a bankrupt treasury, a cynical and discouraged membership, and an industry in which all vestige of union power had disappeared. With the aid of public officials such as Governor Roosevelt and Lieutenant-Governor Lehman, and such a public-spirited citizen as Raymond Ingersoll who, as impartial chairman, stuck by his post during the darkest days of an unwise strike, the first steps were taken toward the establishment of union control in the cloak and suit industry. The task is not easy. The return of the small shop and the irresponsible employer, and the wide geographical dispersal of the industry, are the obstacles that now face the union. The progress it has in this short time made in the cloak and suit industry, and the public interest and sympathy it has enlisted in its battle for recognition and decent labor standards, promise a successful outcome of the strikes which are now being planned in Cleveland.

THE YOUNG PLAN or national bankruptcy is the alternative which Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, holds out to Germany in a memorandum which was made public on December 5. Dr. Schacht signed the Young committee report, he declares, with the understanding that its recommendations were to be accepted by all the Powers concerned, and that the financial and economic activities of Germany were to be readjusted so that the burdens imposed by the plan could be borne. Not only have six months passed without evidence that these stipulations are being regarded, but additional burdens are being proposed for Germany, among them the relinquishment of a claim to 400,000,000 marks on account of payments made under the Dawes Plan to September 1, the payments under the Young Plan dating from April 21 last; the abandonment of the claim to 300,000,000 marks of unliquidated German property in England which Mr. Snowden proposes to retain; the agreement regarding Belgian marks, negotiated outside the Young Plan; and the renunciation of claims to German property in Poland provided for in a trade agreement between the two countries. On the other hand France, which has not been enthusiastic about the Young Plan, has raised again the question of sanctions in the event that Germany defaults in its payments. The situation seems likely to provoke some more plain speaking when the conference at The Hague reassembles to put the Young Plan into effect.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S star is sinking, and the allied generals who have recognized his overlordship are deserting like rats. China seems to face, instead of the often-prophesied dictatorship, another of those eras of decentralized government in which local war-lords administer, as more or less independent satraps, their little local kingdoms. But the impulse which the Nationalist movement gave China has not been wholly lost; it has had its effect upon the customs administration, and it is so strong in the hearts of China's four hundred millions that even today the generals who are denouncing Chiang Kai-shek are reasserting their loyalty to the principles of Sun Yat-Sen and asking for the return of Wang Ching-wei. Wang was a sort of spiritual son of Dr. Sun, a passionate orator, a genuine idealist; he lacks, however, Chiang's driving energy and administrative ability. He is no man to organize a new China, but he is the man to keep the Three People's Principles alive. Chiang, in his enthusiasm to build a strong government, ruthlessly put down all opposition, crushing the labor unions and students' organizations upon which, as much as on the Chiang army, the Nationalist movement was based. Accordingly he destroyed the spiritual momentum of his own movement. He had long been unpopular but the prestige of success still surrounded him. But when he was forced to a humiliating capitulation to Russia on the Chinese Eastern question Chiang "lost face," and the rebellion, so long latent, took heart all over China.

YOUNG MR. RUDY VALLEE sang over the radio the other night. The hour was nine o'clock; so confident was the broadcasting company of Mr. Vallee's popularity that a vast hook-up involving forty stations was arranged for the program (almost as many as Al Smith got in the late presidential campaign); Mr. Vallee announced at the close of his program—at 9:30 p. m.—that he would be pleased to give an autographed photograph of himself to any lady (or perhaps even any gentleman) who asked for one. In the eight o'clock mail the next morning there were 600 letters asking for pictures; thousands more came during the day. Mr. Vallee's "fan" mail is said to be something like 5,000 letters a week. The young gentleman in question left Yale two years ago; he is probably under twenty-five years of age. But thanks to our modern methods of publicity, millions of persons know his name and, more wonderful still, have heard his voice. We deduce, therefore, that it takes about two years to make a hero. At that rate, with our new and improved system of spreading sound and the printed word, the crop of heroes should increase rapidly —but of course no particular hero may expect long to retain his position of eminence. He must give place to the new idol. If millions adore Mr. Vallee today, they will, owing to the well-known fickleness of human nature, grow tired of him tomorrow. Two years will become too long; indeed, one Charles A. Lindbergh became a national hero overnight. The day will probably come when our heroes are fed to us on a moving belt, by mass production, each one guaranteed to last as long as need be. And if the public taste for hero worship be satisfied, who cares?

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The Extraordinary Mr. Stimson

WE are not as a rule much concerned about the possible workings of any official mind, but just at the moment it would be of more than ordinary interest to know what Secretary Stimson was thinking of when he injected the Paris peace pact, and with it the diplomatic reputation of the United States, into the Russo-Chinese imbroglio in Manchuria. One would have supposed, for example, that he would have taken pains to verify down to the ground the facts about the situation in Manchuria, instead of going off half-cocked about a matter regarding which he could only say that he was "credibly informed." If the Department of State did not know whether the Russian military operations were offensive or defensive, or how the negotiations for a settlement stood between Russia and China, its intelligence service is beneath contempt, but even so it was only a part of the day's work for Mr. Stimson to know where he was likely to land before taking his theatrical leap into space.

If Mr. Stimson had been a lawyer about to plead his client's case in court he would also, it may be assumed, have gone beyond the obvious facts and taken account of the fundamental conditions from which they sprang. One wonders if he did anything of the kind in preparation for waving the peace pact. It would be interesting to know whether he had in mind the political history of the Chinese Eastern and South Manchuria railways, or realized the magnitude of Japan's financial interest in Manchuria, or understood even afar off the deep irritation which the presence of the Japanese in Manchuria occasions in the Chinese mind. It would be superfluous to suggest, but for what has happened, that the question of the stability of the Chinese Nationalist Government was one to be carefully weighed, that Japan might not applaud a pronouncement affecting a controversy in which it was the most interested third party, and that Russia might resent advice from a Power which for years, with its hand on its heart, has stubbornly refused the least measure of diplomatic recognition to the Soviet regime.

None of these considerations, so far as one can judge, counted for anything with Mr. Stimson. He represented a government which likes to think of itself as both powerful and pure, and the times summoned him to a holy task. The stunning rebuff which he received from Moscow was not a whit beyond what his blithe performance deserved. In a note which is a masterpiece of rejoinder, he was reminded that the seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railway by the Nationalist Government was illegal, which it was; that the Russian military operations were in self-defense and "in no wise" a violation of "any obligations under the Paris pact"; that the American note was sent "at a moment when the Soviet and Mukden governments already had agreed to several conditions, and were proceeding with direct negotiations which would make possible prompt settlement of the conflict between the Soviet Union and China," and that in view of these facts the American declaration "cannot but be considered unjustifiable pressure on the negotiations and cannot, therefore, be taken as a friendly act."

Not content with reading Mr. Stimson a lesson in history and good manners, the Russian Government went on to express the opinion that the peace pact "does not give any single state or group of states the function" of acting as its protector, and expressed "amazement that the Government of the United States, which by its own will has no official relations with the Soviet, deems it possible to apply to it with advice and counsel." The only reply that Mr. Stimson could make to this castigation (the Russians are uncannily expert when it comes to getting their opponents on the hip) was to inform the Washington correspondents with uncommon energy that he had "seen the text of the Russian memorandum as reported in the press," that his note was not sent from "unfriendly motives" but because the United States intended to square its conduct with the obligations of the peace pact, and that the negotiations which were in progress "show that the public opinion of the world is a live factor which can be promptly mobilized and which has become a factor of prime importance in the solution of the problems and controversies which may arise between nations."

We pass over Mr. Stimson's calm assumption that the "live factor" of world opinion which his note "mobilized" was responsible for negotiations which began before mobilization appeared. Mr. Stimson obviously felt hurt, and he is welcome to any balm that will ease his pain. The more important thing is to observe how matters stand now that Mr. Stimson, official protagonist of peace and good advice, has had his fling and returned to the silence from which he so ill-advisedly emerged.

If Mr. Stimson really felt that the peace of the world was threatened by the events in Manchuria, and that resort to the Paris pact was the only way to prevent an equivocal peace from becoming an embodied war, we are disposed to credit him with good intentions. If he also felt that the Paris pact, not being self-executing, required action by one or more of the signatory Powers to give it effect, he felt only what nobody will dispute. What Mr. Stimson failed to remember, apparently, is that those who appeal to the law must do so with clean hands if their appeal is to be respected. A nation which, as Mr. Hoover has just reminded us, is spending more money in preparation for war than the most highly militarized nations of the world is in no position to unfurl the peace pact over a petty brush at arms which is already at the point of settlement. As we said last week, we welcome the fact that the Administration feels a moral responsibility for its signature of the peace pact, but with the responsibility must go intelligence and common sense.

The results of Mr. Stimson's ineptitude are lamentable. By rushing ahead where intelligence and common prudence should have warned him to go slowly, Mr. Stimson has called down upon American diplomacy a resounding rebuke. He has very possibly dealt a blow at the efficacy of the peace pact from which it may be long in recovering. His bungling has cast a cloud over the London Conference. It is to be hoped that he will have his wits about him better when his opinion and vote are called for at London, since otherwise a mobilized public opinion may incline to think that the time has come for him to keep as much as possible out of sight.

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Failure in Haiti

THE strikes that almost culminated in a rebellion, the riots in the customs houses, the affair at Aux Cayes where a marine patrol killed five Haitians and wounded twenty more, and General Russell's urgent appeal for more marines—these events are the final demonstration that the fourteen years of Yankee rule in Haiti have been an ignoble failure. We began by destroying the parliamentary basis of the old governmental system and installed in its place a military despotism operating through the flimsy mask of a native dictatorship; we have taken over control of the finances and of the economic life of the island, but, as the export figures show, we have not much improved the economic situation of the "republic"; we have boasted that we have built roads, created a constabulary, and "maintained law and order"—and look at the law and order now!

Mr. Hoover has asked Congress to authorize a commission to investigate conditions in Haiti. What they need is exposure rather than more investigation, and it will be a disgrace to the United States if the commission sent to Haiti feels that "patriotism" requires it to whitewash General Russell and his associates in the administration of the island. "Our representatives in Haiti," Mr. Hoover says in his message to Congress, "have shown great ability and devotion and have accomplished signal results in the improvement of the material condition of the people." Devotion General Russell undoubtedly has shown, but the fact that he is at odds with American business men and with Haitians, and that he has permitted the puppet government which the marines installed in office to accumulate such a high tide of resentment as has just manifested itself speaks ill for his ability. It was an error, from every point of view, to name a military officer as High Commissioner. General Russell made the mistake of regarding efficient, rather than Haitian administration as his objective.

We shall undoubtedly be deluged in the next few months with the usual Marine Corps propaganda about the backwardness and incompetence of the Haitians. Doubtless they have not attained the high level of civilization of Mr. Vare's Philadelphia or Big Bill the Builder's and Scarface Al Capone's Chicago. But the propaganda obscures certain facts. The Haitians, unassisted, drove their French masters out of the island, and maintained their independence for more than a century—until Admiral Caperton landed the marines, with the quaint aim and ambition, as he put it, "to ensure, establish, and help to maintain Haitian independence." In that period Haiti had revolutions and bloodshed. So did we. She had no civil war as destructive of life and property as our own, and she lost by assassination precisely the same number of presidents as we—no more, despite the legends. She maintained the stability of her finances, and gave no occasion for foreign intervention. On the whole, she managed a better level of government than several of her neighbors on the mainland of Central and South America. And she can do it again. There is voodooism in Haiti, even more of it than of hexing in Pennsylvania; an upper-class oligarchy dominates the countryside, possibly even more effectively than in Mississippi and Arkansas. The population is largely illiterate, as are Brazil's and China's; and it is also economically backward. But there is nothing in Haiti's history or present situation to indicate that she cannot, if left alone by the marines, maintain an adequate government.

Smedley Butler, pistol in hand, dissolved the last Haitian Senate thirteen years ago, because, though it had been bullied into accepting a Haitian-American treaty drawn up in Washington, it refused to accept a constitution for its own country drafted in the same foreign capital. Since then, there have been no elections in Haiti; and General Russell permitted President Borno to announce that there would be no parliamentary elections in 1930. It is this utter failure to provide a parliamentary outlet to the Opposition which has finally led Haitians into the heroic but desperate folly of armed opposition to the marines. President Borno, just before the uprising, was forced to declare that he would not himself be a candidate for reelection as President in 1930; but that means little, for, in the absence of any constitutional parliament, the new President will be elected by a council of state of twenty-one members, all of whom President Borno has himself appointed. It was General Russell's excuse that elections would have brought into power a bitter anti-American party; but what a confession of failure that is!

In 1920 the dissidents took to armed revolt against the Yankee invasion, and in the course of battle some 2,000 Haitians were killed—the bloodiest engagements in a century of Haitian history. There will be no such general revolt this year—for one reason because the marine-officered Garde d'Haiti has built ten airports and installed 293 miles of military telephone lines, and has the advantage of the new roads. That will mean less bloodshed; it will not mean less bitterness. We have no doubt that the marines will reestablish order rapidly, ruthlessly, and efficiently. The good name and fame of the United States, in Latin America and in Europe, will largely depend upon what we do next. President Hoover's commission should act energetically to get the marines out of Haiti, where they have never belonged.

Mr. Hoover Reports

HAD we not sworn never to sponsor another reform organization we should be appealing today for a Society to Reform Presidential Messages, and to obtain legislation limiting their length and setting penalties for unbearable dullness. We confess that it is Mr. Hoover's first annual message to Congress that moves us in this wise. For tameness it ranks high. If it is somewhat more grammatical and better expressed than the messages of Calvin Coolidge, it none the less so closely resembles them and those of the unlamented Warren Harding that if one were to take half a dozen of them at random from the last three Republican Administrations, blot out all the dates in them, cut off the signatures, and shuffle them it would be impossible for any ordinary intelligence to guess their authorship or year.

Mr. Hoover has obviously merely summarized the various departmental reports. The result is a message so long that it took, it is said, two hours to read it to Congress, which is reason enough why Mr. Hoover did not appear to present it in person. Yet it is a revealing document, for it reveals the author. He is again without a fighting spirit. Not even in behalf of the tariff, which he again demands of

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Congress, does he strike sparks. The document is even without such vigor as Mr. Hoover has put into his addresses to his conferences of business men. Certainly no Senator will be stirred by anything which the President has said to change his ways or his attitude toward pending legislation.

Especially striking is the fact that the President does not report to the Congress anything about his conversations with the Prime Minister of Great Britain. The London Conference on Naval Disarmament, upon which so much of Mr. Hoover's prestige has come to depend, is dismissed in eight lines. The rest is largely a restatement of his views as to the essential soundness of the country, with a number of suggestions for the improvement of administrative methods which will meet with approval. It is only when he comes to talk of the tremendous militarist expenditures of the United States that he touches on the raw a really vital situation—as is evidenced by the foreign press which naturally leaped to the opportunity to point the moral. Certainly no one can disagree with his statement that we should be "deeply concerned however, with the growing expense" for national defense purposes, which has risen from $267,000,000 in 1914 to $730,000,000 in the current fiscal year, eleven years after we won the war to end war. We wish there might be put up in every schoolhouse and public building in the country these words of the President: "The total of our expenditures is in excess of those of the most highly militarized nations of the world." The President adds that if the coming London Conference is not a success "we shall be committed during the next six years to a construction expenditure [on ships] of upward of $1,200,000,000, besides the necessary further increase in costs for annual upkeep." Finally, he points out the amazing fact that our citizens' army, including the National Guard, has risen from 299,000 men in 1914 to 672,000 in 1924, and to no less than 728,000 in 1929. This, we repeat, is the net result of our safeguarding democracy and winning the war to end war eleven years ago.

Does the President make vigorous and concrete proposals as to how this steady militarization of America shall be ended, and the terrible financial burden upon the American people be lifted? He does not. He merely declares hopelessly that if the Conference at London cannot agree we must go on building these unnecessary warships and buying quantities of airplanes, although, as he himself says, we have solemnly covenanted with the world to use these forces only for defensive purposes. Then he washes his hands of the whole thing and passes it over to the tender mercies of Congress with this anti-climax: "I recommend that Congress give earnest consideration to the possibilities of prudent action which will give relief from our continuously mounting expenditures." There you have the brave, constructive statesman, with his vital suggestions for blazing the way for the country to escape from the militaristic mess into which it has so needlessly floundered.

As for the rest, the President reiterates his stand, as to which no one is in doubt, on the great economic questions of the day. Reversing the Coolidge policy, he is for making Muscle Shoals an experiment station to benefit agricultural needs and the chemical industry, but he is unalterably opposed to "the operation by the government of either power or manufacturing business except as an unavoidable by-product of some other major public purpose." All in all, it is again the timid engineer in politics who speaks.

A Sea Change

WHILE landsmen are discussing politics and finance, the latest books and the most recent plays, a controversy practically unknown to them is raging at sea as fiercely as are winds and waves. It is nothing less than whether sailors shall abandon their long-established custom of speaking of right as left and of left as right. If this sounds like an odd argument to landsmen, they should be reminded that for many years when an officer has wished to direct his ship to the starboard (or right) he has called to the man at the wheel "Port," while when he has wished to turn to the left (or port) he has said "Starboard." And if this seems ridiculous to the man ashore, he should recall that in an earlier era ships' rudders were moved not by wheels but by tillers, as those of small boats are to this day. A tiller, of course, has to be swung to the left in order to turn the rudder and the boat to the right. That was also true of the earlier steering wheels (it is still the case with some of those of our inland waters), but gradually the method was superseded by wheels which moved the ship in the same direction as they themselves turned. But the old orders persisted, and the first thing for a sailor to learn about steering is that starboard means port and port means starboard.

Sailors have learned the lesson so well that their response has become automatic and there have not been many errors. There have been some, though, and the recent international conference for safety of life at sea voted that after June, 1931, helm orders shall be used in the direct instead of the reverse sense. The recommendation has not yet been ratified by the governments concerned, but it doubtless will be, and the impending change is already occasioning a tempest of argument and conjecture. Happily the conference did not suggest that the words "port" and "starboard" should be discarded, although it should not be forgotten that "port" is itself a comparatively new arrival in the sailors' dictionary, the older term having been "larboard," which was scrapped because of its similarity in sound to "starboard." To erase "port" and "starboard" from the seaman's lingo would take a landsman and a dictator. Our navy had both in Secretary Josephus Daniels, who in 1913 decreed "right" and "left" for helm orders to be used in the direct sense.

The international conference for safety of life at sea insists on no such revolution, but the Honorable Company of Master Mariners of Great Britain thinks that mistakes are likely to happen during the period of transition unless existing orders are somewhat amplified. Among the suggestions for new helm orders which seem most satisfactory are "Port ship" and "Starboard ship," or "Steer port" and "Steer starboard." These orders are so explanatory that they ought to reduce to a minimum mistakes due to changing from one system to another. The change will be hardest for the old salts; the youngsters will adapt themselves to it with hardly a qualm or a frown. And the young persons who sit, on moonlight nights, as near the bow as they can get and discuss irrelevancies—provided they discuss anything at all—will not know which way the helm is put down, or consider the matter worthy of investigation.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

WE who live, or thereabouts, by the pen are rated impractical dreamers in a world supposedly devoted to business efficiency. A playwright of the better sort is ranked as an artist and people pity him because he must make his necessary arrangements with hard-headed commercial managers. But if any of the theatrical men I know are hard-headed then butter is among the world's most staunch of alloys. George Bernard Shaw is an artist and Lee Shubert is a manager. Both are eminent and both are primarily concerned with the theater. At the current quotations the visionary Mr. Shaw is richer than the practical Mr. Shubert in both cash and kudos.

To be sure, Mr. Shubert is far more sentimental than Mr. Shaw and this may mark the extent of his handicap. But mostly I think the theater business suffers from a lack of managers sufficiently grasping to get all the traffic will bear. Every entrepreneur with a hit on his hands allows thousands of dollars to slip through his fingers every week. He steps aside and lets a fellow called a speculator reap golden profits in a field where he has not sown a single seed. The poor manager is the dupe of this speculator or broker. I am not moved at all by the pleas of theatergoers that ticket speculation is an evil thing which should be eradicated. To be sure, we have laws limiting the premium to a pittance, but this flies so squarely in the face of sound economic theory that the super-charges continue and even mount to undreamed-of heights.

But what else can be expected in a highly competitive industrial community? It would be an excellent idea to have theaters supported by the nation or the municipality but since these do not exist, hereabouts, I see no reason why even the most intelligent and kindly manager should not endeavor to make just as much money as he can.

The price of copper and of steel, as I understand it, is regulated by the law of supply and demand which has never been repealed and is not difficult to enforce. Why should any exception be made in the matter of theater tickets? The general complaint at the moment is that theater tickets cost too much. It is my notion that in very many cases they are quoted at a ridiculously low figure on the box-office chart. And this is not a matter of opinion. When the patron finds that no seats are to be had for a show at the lobby window even though he is willing to buy eight weeks in advance he must realize that the price set on them is out of line. The seats have gone to the speculator because the manager was selling them too cheaply. It must be remembered that the drama is a luxury business and that the product is perishable. The value of a theater ticket must inevitably fluctuate. Managers don't seem to realize this. They have raised their prices for opening nights and for Saturday performances but beyond that they will not go. In an effort to attain standardization they have lent support to many fictions. There is, for instance, the perfectly asinine pretense that all the seats in an orchestra are of equal value and should sell for an equal price. The speculator knows better than that and charges extra for aisle seats and in this case I think the laborer is worthy of his hire.

At the present time the box office of the average theater is the worst of all possible places at which to buy tickets. It has become a false front. If the show is a success all the best seats are elsewhere. If, on the other hand, trade is not so brisk, tickets may be obtained much more cheaply at one of the cut-rate agencies. In other words, the New York theaters do not conduct a one-price business. They operate under the haggle system and unfortunately the managers are not frank enough to admit it. To be sure, there is much to be said against a standardized price. The value of tickets fluctuates. When a manager can fill his orchestra at $10 a seat it is asking a good deal to expect him to sell at $5.50 a ticket. And when he can't get half a house at $3.30 per patron, it is obviously to his advantage to let people enter for $1.10.

There is no reasonable ground of complaint against that if only the manager would openly admit his state of mind. He doesn't do that. Sometimes on dire and distressful evenings the treasurer will let a theatergoer have two tickets for the price of one, but it must be done secretly. This bargain opportunity will never be broadcast. It would be sensible for the manager to wait and see just what sort of show he has before fixing the price. This is done to a limited extent but the range is far too small. After watching the reactions of the first-night audience and reading the reviews the manager might be justified in announcing, "I find that I have a $15 show and so I am going to charge $15 and sell the tickets right here at the box office." Or again he might say, "'Nancy's Dilemma' seems to be worth about $1.35 and tickets at that price will go on sale right here in the lobby."

I will admit that this might not work. The patron who goes to a cut-rate shop and buys a ticket marked $3.30 for $2.19 has the thrill of imagining that he is cheating someone. If he will only stop to think he ought to realize that this can hardly be the case. A theater ticket is not like a lump of gold. Its value is precisely what it will bring on that particular night. When a blizzard begins, the value of tickets drops along with the thermometer. If a ticket is worth twenty-five cents the printed figure $25 does not actually increase its worth. There is, I believe, not much sincerity in most of the criticism of ticket speculators. If any great proportion of the public wished to get along without the agencies they could not long survive. But a very considerable number of patrons do not wish to get tickets eight weeks ahead even if they are available at box-office prices. Many prefer to make a decision at the last minute and it is no more than just that they should pay extra for thus coming at the eleventh hour and receiving good accommodations. There is, also, some curious thrill in getting tickets from a speculator. The purchaser takes a pride in being charged heavily. He will have something to talk about when he gets home. Indeed the manager of a very successful play complained to me, "My charge is $3.85 and I know the specs are getting all the way up to $16 a seat, but what can I do about it? People will cheerfully pay $16 to a speculator and faint in horror at giving $6 at the box office."

HEYWOOD BROUN

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England Celebrates Peace

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

London, November 11

TOGETHER with ten thousand other Londoners I was standing on Trafalgar Square this Remembrance Day awaiting the signal which was to start the Great Silence. As years advance the celebration of Armistice Day is becoming, in England, more widespread and more imposing; it is clearly growing into a national institution, one which will perhaps obscure others with longer traditions behind them. One reason for this is doubtless the beautiful ceremony of the Great Silence.

Silence is natural to the English; it is almost a national characteristic. Perhaps that is why in no other country this simple ceremony has reached such heights of pathos, sublimity, and plain unadorned beauty. The inclement English November has so far been very kind. In spite of the traditional fogs and rains of the English autumn, not a single one of these Remembrance Days has yet been marred by the weather. This year was probably the first when rain fell during the silence. It began almost immediately upon the first stroke of eleven by Big Ben, as if it, too, had been waiting for the signal, but it did not in the least mar the impressiveness and beauty of the ceremony. It was a soft, warm rain more of spring than of autumn, and its soft tapping on the stony ground and among the strewn plane leaves of the Square only deepened the silence, just as did the gentle clapping of the wings of the pigeons circling about the Nelson Monument.

The scene was indeed unusual. Shortly before eleven the Square was overflowing with people. From the top of the stairs of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and the columns of the National Gallery to Whitehall, the Cenotaph, and the Houses of Parliament was one great sea of humanity; a somewhat subdued sea, but throbbing with life, and gently undulating in the quiet misty air expectant not of a storm, but of something far different. It came with the soft muffled sound of a maroon in the distance. Instantly everything was at a standstill: the great human sea, the mighty Square, the gay London buses, the heavily quivering motors, the good-tempered English crowds with their ceaseless "Thank you's," the tall bobbies, all the sounds and cries of a great city in motion. The talk, the very thoughts of men seemed to have stopped. Only the deep sounds of Big Ben striking eleven rang out in the air; strange, lonely sounds in a sea of silence. Somewhere a child was crying, and its heartbreaking sobs sounded throughout the Square; an unruly motor was loudly throbbing, refusing to be silenced. But soon these, too, were quieted; the last majestic strokes of the lonely bells died away. The Great Silence had begun.

The secret of the success of the Great Silence—in England at any rate—consists in the fact that it is not, as is generally believed, so much a ceremony of remembrance of the dead as an expression of the mood of the living, a searching of the heart, and a determination for the future. For the Great Silence and indeed the entire Armistice Day celebration is gradually growing here into a great anti-war demonstration, the first, and so far the only really impressive symbol and ceremony of peace that humanity has as yet produced. The balls, dances, and jollities of the first Armistice Eve victory celebrations have almost without notice disappeared; the military display and flourish at the Cenotaph is unconsciously becoming less marked from year to year. On this last occasion it was still further reduced by the Labor Government. The event is definitely coming to be a civilian celebration; the very name "Armistice Day" is disappearing. "Remembrance Day" is used instead, and it is gradually becoming a great yearly demonstration for world peace.

Unemployment and industrial depression in England are so obviously the consequence of the last war, and are so deeply felt by the man in the street, that they are bound to have an effect stronger than the most powerful propaganda. And these consequences hang over England now more heavily than its traditional fogs, and refuse to be lifted or dispersed by any government. It is already obvious that even the Labor Government which has made such a brilliant start in foreign affairs will not cope successfully with unemployment at home; it has achieved remarkable successes, and has fully proved its ability to rule, but it has also shown already that on the main internal problem of England, that of unemployment, it has nothing more effective to offer than any of the other parties. Unemployment seems to be the chronic, if not the incurable, illness which Britain contracted in the Great War. The country knows it; hence an aversion to war probably greater here than anywhere else in Europe.

The present magnificent display in foreign policy of the Labor Government is doubtless one expression of this mood. Better relations with the United States, recognition of Russia, withdrawal of troops from Germany, independence of Egypt, freedom of Iraq, promise of Dominion status to India, and the prospects of a successful naval conference—and all this in five months of office! The almost avid eagerness with which the Labor Government has attacked all foreign obstacles in the way of world peace has surprised many, and has even evoked suspicion. Mr. MacDonald is said to be more pacifist than socialist; the bold gestures of the Labor Government in foreign affairs are pointed at as being but a screen to cover up the poverty of its home policy. All of this may be superficially true, but fundamentally it is false. There is something more deeply rooted than the accident of party politics or Mr. MacDonald's personal pacifism at the bottom of this. It is the profound disgust of England with war in general and the late war in particular.

This mood finds other expression, even more striking, outside the realm of politics. The most remarkable example is the new taste for war literature and drama. The phenomenon in itself, which is not confined to England alone, is more a subject for the social psychologist than for the correspondent. It is full of interest and abounds in enigmas. Why, for instance, should England (and with her the rest of Europe) have waited until ten years after the war was over to express aversion to its brutality? Why should this interest in war literature have arisen only now? Why was not Barbusse's "Le Feu" or Latzko's "Men at War"

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the success which Remarque's "All Quiet" now is? And why did that exquisite dramatic poem of the war, "The Unknown Warrior," fail so miserably in London while the mediocre "Journey's End" and the downright trashy "Silver Tassie" are playing to crowded houses? The ways of mass psychology are unfathomable, and its causes obscure. But the facts in themselves are clear enough to all.

And the facts are that more than 300,000 copies of Remarque's "All Quiet" have already been sold in England, and it is still going strong. It is in addition being read by hundreds of thousands in instalments in the popular Sunday *Express*. A similar success is Zweig's "Sergeant Grischa," while another half-dozen war novels by English and American authors have met with only slightly less success. War literature, almost taboo a few years ago, is now devoured by a public which cannot have enough of it. It is almost enough for a novel to deal with the war in derogatory manner to become a best seller. This is true not only of books and newspapers, but also of plays. London has probably never known a success parallel to "Journey's End." Almost overnight Mr. Sheriff becomes a classic whose manuscripts are sold by public auction and presented to the nation.

There is something more than mere interest in war in all this. Even the most cursory analysis would reveal that all this war literature holds in common one important characteristic. Its dominant note is a real disgust—an aesthetic disgust—with militarism as such. It is not the moral outrage of war, not even its terrible consequences that are being deplored so much as what may be termed the externalities of war, the actual military operations which used to be so glorified. Militarism has lost its luster. Men seem to vie with each other in revealing ugliness, filth, and brutality behind the beautiful glorification of war. One reason for the phenomenal success of "Journey's End" is that Mr. Sheriff shows the idolized war hero to be a plain coward. People have lost their illusions about war, and seem to find special delight in tearing down all the aesthetic deceptions in which its true appearance has hitherto been draped. Literature, like politics, only reflects this mood of the people; it is the result, not the cause of the present popularity of everything that is expressive of antagonism to war.

William James spoke of the need of a moral equivalent for war, if militarism is to be abolished. There is quite obviously needed also an aesthetic equivalent of war before that aim can be accomplished. This England has found for herself in the Great Silence of Remembrance Day, which is coming more and more to take its place in the cause of peace as the beautiful ceremony which every great movement must possess if it is to appeal to the heart and imagination of the people. Its simple grandeur and austere beauty are as noble as anything which militarism in its prime could ever produce. Its discipline, the victory of the mind which it displays; its nearness to death, and the love and pity which it stirs—all make it a unique symbol of peace.

The Sacred Radio Trust

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, December 7

A FIRST-CLASS scandal is brewing here in connection with the failure of federal functionaries to take steps to enforce the anti-monopoly laws against the Radio Corporation of America and its parent and subsidiary companies. It may break out during the communications hearings now being conducted by the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, and there is a possibility that the budding presidential boom of Owen D. Young will be severely frostbitten. The Radio Act contains a mandatory provision directing the federal Radio Commission to refuse broadcasting or communication licenses to any company, or its subsidiaries, which has been finally adjudged guilty by a federal court of using unfair methods of competition, or of violating the anti-monopoly clauses of the Clayton Act. The provision is sweeping, and it is quite plain. On November 19 the Radio Corporation of America was finally adjudged guilty in the United States District Court at Wilmington, Delaware, of practices tending to create a monopoly, and was enjoined from their further use. The order, entered by Judge Hugh M. Morris, made permanent the temporary injunction granted by him two years previously, which was upheld by the Circuit Court of Appeals, and which the United States Supreme Court refused to review. Confronted with this situation, the Radio Commission has done exactly nothing. Rather warily the members have let it be known that they construe the act to mean that they shall refuse licenses only when the defendant has been adjudged guilty in a manner that allows no further hope of appeal, and that since the Radio Corporation is said to contemplate a second appeal they do not feel constrained to act. It hardly seems necessary to point out—although the author of the act has done so—that it says nothing of the kind. It says "finally adjudged guilty by a federal court." The word "finally" was obviously intended to distinguish a final decision, such as that just rendered by Judge Morris, from a temporary order, such as he made two years ago. If the United States District Court at Wilmington is not "a federal court," then the Radio Commission is justified in its failure to act. Otherwise, it has no excuse, and its inaction can only be explained on the scandalous ground that the Radio Corporation of America possesses sufficient influence to enjoy immunity from the law—an hypothesis already supported by considerable evidence. Incidentally, a number of persons have been moved again to inquire what action, if any, is contemplated by the Department of Justice in this matter. For more than a year it has responded to all inquiries with vague answers to the effect that "we are investigating." Has Attorney General Mitchell forgotten his pledge to enforce the anti-trust laws of the United States?

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IT is doubtful if he will ever have a better opportunity to make it good. As an example of bold, deliberate, and ruthless trust-building, the history of the Radio Corporation since its creation in 1919 should make the surviving exemplars of the last generation blush for their own restraint.

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And the process has been successful, not in the face of governmental opposition, but largely because of admitted governmental favoritism. Attend to the following: The offense of which the Radio Corporation was convicted at Wilmington consisted of inserting in its contracts with twenty-seven independent manufacturers of receiving sets a clause which required them to equip their sets with RCA tubes before putting them on the market. Not only were independent tube manufacturers thus deprived of the business of equipping sets, but they were faced with the fact that the buyers of those sets would inevitably replace the tubes, when worn out, with others of the same manufacture—RCA. Some of them promptly went out of business. It is interesting to note that the contracts containing the "tube clause" were primarily for the purpose of licensing the independent set makers to use the Radio Corporation's patent covering tuned radio frequencies—on a stiff royalty basis. Ownership of this patent is at the heart of the Radio Corporation's dominating position in the industry. There is strong evidence that this patent is, in fact, antedated by another which is now the possession of the Navy Department! All appeals to the Navy Department to break this stranglehold by asserting the priority of its own patent in the courts have been rejected, and a responsible officer is on record with the explanation that the department has always pursued a policy of "favoring" the Radio Corporation, and is unwilling to take any action that would disturb its position!

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A DESIRE to justify and prolong this favoritism is at the bottom of the Radio Corporation's frenzied campaign of propaganda, designed to create a widespread impression that the corporation was "founded at the request of the government." This legend has been exploded more than once, and will be exploded again before the Couzens committee is done. Nevertheless, Mr. Young lent his name and his word to its reiteration in a recent number of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and Major-General Harbord has done so frequently. In complaining of this propaganda to the Federal Trade Commission, an organization of independent manufacturers likened it very properly to the "patriotic" defense of the celebrated Doheny. It is possible that Mr. Young has been so occupied with settling the claims arising from the devastation of war in Europe that he is unaware of the devastation of the independent radio industry in the United States by the corporation of whose board he is chairman—but this reporter is disposed to doubt it.

* * * * *

THERE is another matter which ought to have public attention. For the present I prefer to call it a misunderstanding, although some of my colleagues insist that it must have been a deliberate hoax. In either case the fact is undeniable that for four months the American people have been laboring under the most astounding delusion that has possessed them since the Great Calvin succeeded in propagating the fiction that he was reducing governmental expenses. This delusion has consisted in the belief that the construction of three new cruisers has been suspended or delayed pending the outcome of the London arms conference, and it resulted directly from President Hoover's statement of July 24. That statement was issued at the White House upon the occasion of the signing of the Paris pact:

> Mr. MacDonald has indicated the good will and positive intention of the British government by suspension of construction of certain portions of this year's British naval program. It is the desire of the United States to show equal good will in our approach to the problem. We have three cruisers in this year's construction program which have been undertaken in the government navy yards, the detailed drawings for which are now in the course of preparation. The actual keels would, in the ordinary course, be laid down some time this fall. Generally speaking, the British cruiser strength considerably exceeds American strength at the present time, and the actual construction of these three cruisers would not be likely in themselves to produce inequality in the final results. We do not wish, however, to have any misunderstanding of our actions, and, therefore, we shall not lay these keels until there has been an opportunity for full consideration of their effect upon the final agreement for parity which we expect to reach, although our hopes of relief from construction lie more largely in the latter years of the program under the law of 1928.

This declaration was everywhere accepted as a promise of suspension or delay in the construction of the cruisers. It was so accepted by the big navy crowd in Congress, whose members denounced it roundly, and it was so accepted by the press of the United States and Great Britain, most of which warmly praised it as a gesture in the interest of world peace.

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IT now develops that no order for suspension or delay in the construction of these cruisers has ever been issued from the White House or any other official quarter; and that the work has not been suspended or delayed, but on the contrary has been pushed with all the energy and speed which the Navy Department could command. It is disclosed, moreover, that Mr. Hoover erred when he stated that in the ordinary course the keels would be laid down this fall; they could not possibly be laid before next spring—which is the time when the Navy Department is preparing to lay them. By that time, of course, the arms conference will be over. Several months' work is necessary before the keels can be laid, and it is being carried out on schedule. Work on the guns and armor is proceeding, and contracts for the steel have been awarded. In short, the situation with regard to the building of the cruisers is precisely what it would have been if the President had made no announcement whatever. That is officially admitted. It is officially suggested, moreover, that the President never intended to delay construction, and never intended to convey the impression that it would be delayed. If this is true, how did he intend to show "equal good will" toward Great Britain, which had suspended construction? If his statement did not mean that construction was to be delayed, what on earth did it mean, and what was his purpose in making it? The worst aspect of the business is its possible effect on British opinion. Imagine the howl that would go up from such jingo journals as the Chicago *Tribune* and the Washington *Post* if a similar proceeding were unearthed in London! It would be hailed immediately as the only evidence necessary to prove that Albion was still perfidious, and that candid dealings with a British government, especially a Socialist British government, were impossible. Perhaps some respectable explanation may still be forthcoming, although the outlook is not bright.

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Prosperity—Believe It or Not
V. The Farmer's Share*

By STUART CHASE

OF course no such person as "the farmer" ever lived on land or sea. Every human personality differs from every other. Factory workers, living in standardized tenements, pouring in a black stream through the gates in the morning, do present a mass effect where the use of averages, however inaccurate, is not altogether ludicrous. But there is no such thing as the American farmer. There are about six million individuals sprawled across the country, with their families comprising nearly thirty million persons. They range from the happy, shiftless Negro tenant hoeing an acre of poor corn field in Mississippi to Mr. Campbell with his 80,000-acre, 100 per cent mechanized wheat farm in Montana. Both are Mr. American Farmer, but the mind balks at treating them as a unit.

The World War encouraged huge exports of American foodstuffs. We fed millions of European peasants who had left their fields for the trenches. Prices went up, acreage increased, the tractor became popular, efficiency was widely introduced. At the close of hostilities American agriculture was in an exceedingly prosperous condition, relatively speaking. Prices had been pegged, land values were soaring, credit was readily obtainable. The whole economic structure of agriculture had been given a glorious kick upstairs. Exports held up well in 1919 and fairly well in 1920. In 1921 Europe suddenly stopped buying. Farm products shipped abroad tumbled $1,300,000,000. Wholesale prices collapsed. Land values exploded like pricked balloons. Unnumbered farmers who had been thinking of Florida, California, and a new sedan found their thoughts centered on mortgage interest.

The following figures from "Recent Economic Changes" tell the sad story more effectively than any purple prose.

Index Numbers

	Prices received for farm products	*Prices paid by farmers for their supplies*	*Wages of hired farm labor*	*Taxes on farm property*
1914	100	100	100	100
1918	200	178	176	118
1919	209	205	206	130
1920	205	206	239	155
1921	116	156	150	217
1922	124	152	146	232
1923	135	153	166	246
1924	134	154	166	249
1925	147	159	168	250
1926	136	156	171	253
1927	131	154	170	258

There is really very little more to say. Where farmers were getting a dollar for their corn or wheat or cotton in 1914 they were getting more than two dollars in 1919 and 1920. Then the whole structure collapsed to $1.16 in 1921—cut almost in half. It has climbed up a little since, but in 1927 it was only $1.31. This is bad enough, but look at the other three columns. The prices which farmers paid for their clothing, hardware, and other supplies had also doubled by 1920, and also tobogganed in 1921. But instead of going down to 116, they went only to 156—where they have more or less remained. American agriculture has thus been caught in the famous "scissors" which the Russians talk about. It must pay relatively more for what it buys than it receives for what it sells. In 1927 the jaws were twenty-three painful points apart. In the last two years they have narrowed a little, but they are still wide enough to make the pain sufficiently intense.

The same thing happened in respect to the wages paid to farm labor, except that the scissors are even wider—twenty-nine points in 1927, and still widening. This has helped hired men a little but not the farmers who hire them. In taxes the situation is even more deplorable. Instead of dropping in 1921, taxes continued to climb. By 1927 they were no less than 127 points ahead of farm-product prices! Again the motor car makes its bow on the prosperity stage, but this time upside down. The chief reason for higher farm taxes lies in highway construction in rural areas. Figures for several counties in Michigan show that in the past seven years taxes have absorbed *90 per cent of the net return to farm owners*. Other studies indicate that an absorption of one-third to two-thirds the net return is common. This woeful burden operates to depress land values. For the past century the value of such lands has been marching steadily upward. Farmers came to believe that a mounting curve was as dependable as a mounting thermometer in spring. But according to Dr. Edwin G. Nourse in "Recent Economic Changes" the end has come.

Index Number of Farm Land Values

	1913	1920	1928
Illinois	100	160	96
Iowa	100	213	117
North Dakota	100	145	99
Kansas	100	151	113
South Carolina	100	230	110
Texas	100	174	139
California	100	167	161
Connecticut	100	137	139

All the States listed except California and Connecticut show a landslide in values from 1920 to 1928.

To continue reciting the woes of agriculture may seem unnecessarily cruel. As an accountant, however, I cannot forbear to append Dr. Copeland's beautiful profit and loss account covering all American farms for the year ending June 30, 1927.†

Gross value of agricultural production	$12,127,000,000
Payments to other industrial groups	3,697,000,000
	$8,430,000,000

* This is the fifth of a series of seven articles on American prosperity. The sixth will appear in the issue of December 25.—Editor The Nation.

† Including estimate for food grown and consumed on farm.

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Wages paid hired labor	$1,291,000,000	
Rents paid—net	1,267,000,000	
Interest paid	260,000,000	
Loss due to fall in land values	2,160,000,000	4,978,000,000
Net return to owners		$3,452,000,000
Interest on market value of equity	$1,759,000,000	
Charge for owner's labor @ $540	3,410,000,000	
"Normal profit"		5,169,000,000
Deficit of actual profit		$1,717,000,000

To pay each farmer an average of $540 for his year's work, and 4½ per cent interest on the equity in his farm, would have taken 1,717 millions more than farmers actually received. Regarding all American agriculture as one business corporation, it was, despite a shockingly low allowance for labor, nearly two billions in the red at a time when American prosperity was the favorite topic at innumerable banquets. Dr. Mitchell believes that the best single index of the lowly position of agriculture is in the ratio of farm per capita income, to the per capita income of the total population. In 1919 the average farm dweller was receiving 57 per cent as much income as the average American. In 1921 the ratio dropped to 34 per cent. Now it has climbed to about 40 per cent—still far short of 1919. In the face of this depressing testimony it is pertinent to inquire how farmers continue to exist at all. As a matter of fact, many of them have ceased to exist—as farmers. Nearly a million (net) left their farms for the city between 1920 and 1927. Six million remain.

In the first place, despite all my precautions, we have been talking mainly about the non-existent average farmer. Hundreds of thousands of individual farmers, the country over, have made ends meet, and thousands have prospered. Soil, crop demand, export opportunities, mechanization, local conditions, individual abilities differ widely. Here and there agriculture pays well. Second and more important, for agriculture to show a profit and loss account in red figures may be sad, but it is not evidence of extermination. Farming is not yet a business. A corporation consistently in the red closes its doors and goes into the hands of a receiver. It is a child of the money-and-credit system, and the penalty of breaking the rules of that system is death. But the farmer (and here at last I can be general) is carrying on a job far older than the money-and-credit system. He is handicapped seriously by its rules, but no death penalty hangs over him. If his books do not balance, he can throw them out the window and go and pick a mess of peas or milk the cow. He has a roof over his head, food in his fields, fuel in the wood lot. The banker holding his mortgage may evict him and a few of his neighbors, but he cannot evict a whole country side. If times are generally bad, the banker may whistle for his money—and in the end go bankrupt himself. Farming is a career, not a business. In the face of plowed earth, flowing stream, hillside, meadow, orchard, woodland, all the figures I have spread upon the records suddenly grow dim. There are powerful forces at work trying to bind the farmer to the pecuniary system. He is more of a business man than he used to be, however.

I spoke earlier of the variations in farm prosperity. Dr. Wolman finds two great classes of American agriculturists: the forty-two in every one hundred living on farms valued at less than $4,000, and the fifty-eight living on farms valued above that figure. The former live generally on poor land, the latter on good land. The poor-land group have not improved their standard of living at all since 1919. The group living on good land have probably improved their living standards a little, but they have done so by piling up debts.

Variations in prosperity by crops are also significant. The machine is profoundly disturbing wheat farming. Two men with a combine and other machines, plus a little seasonal help, can bring down the cost of production twenty cents a bushel. As a result the big wheat farms in the Great Plains region are doing fairly well, while the smaller farms, particularly in the Middle West, are doing badly. The same story holds in corn and in most other crops.

Why are the farmers worse off than in 1920, while the rest of us, financially at least, are better off? For one thing, our higher standards have tended to depress the farmers. The nation is eating lighter foods, wearing lighter clothing. Fruit and vegetable farmers have benefited somewhat (although the new demand has been frequently over-estimated) but cotton, grain, sheep, and cattle raisers have suffered. Clothing demand has shifted to silk and rayon. Nor is much in the way of agricultural produce to be found in automobiles, gasoline, radios, sporting goods, moving pictures, travel, and tabloids—all great items in the new standard of living. Higher wages in industry have forced farmers to compete with the factory for labor. As we have seen, the taxes inspired by the motor car have been a terrific burden. The collapse of the European market in 1921—which has never really come back—was the inciting cause of the whole toboggan slide. Meanwhile Canada, the Argentine, and Australasia have been competing heavily.

Finally, and perhaps most important from any long-range view, the machine has distressed most farmers. It has made a few rich but thrown agriculture as a whole completely out of step; and disrupted its time-honored rhythms. Tractors have driven six million horses and mules from farms in the past thirteen years. Some eighteen million acres of hay and grain are no longer needed, while the old crop rotation of corn one year, oats the next, meadow-land the third, has gone into the discard. While a million farms were being abandoned, the "mass" of crop production, taken as 100 in 1919, grew to 106 in 1927. Workers are fewer, farms are larger. The large output has kept prices down.

This brings us head on into the whole question of agriculture and large-scale production. Mr. Ford with a wave of the hand would banish its tribulations by putting it on a quantity production basis. He would plow, cultivate, harvest, grade, and ship by great machines under the guidance of a few skilled mechanics. We may, of course, come to this; but today we have six million farmers on our hands. The practical problem is how to deal with them—not only industrially, but *psychologically*. Most of them have adopted the cultivation of the land as a way of life. They are interested less in industrial efficiency than in living.

Farmers are less mobile than industrial workers; they do not respond readily to shifts in demand, or to technical improvements. The installation of a new machine requires

(Continued on page 750)

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first the approval or vote of the individual farmer, and second the individual financing thereof. How far would the machine age have progressed if factory workers had voted on each new loom or lathe, and then bought it on their own credit? Technological progress over the whole field of agriculture must be not only a slow process, but at some points—such as maximum efficient acreage per machine—an impossible one. Only a brand-new, centralized, coordinated control can readily domesticate the machine on the farm. The business farmer, with large acreage and complete mechanization, brings down costs and makes a fair return on his investment. Good. Then what happens? The little farmers, hearing of the profits, sow their fields with the same crop. Squatters take up land and sow the same crop. Prices drop. Both big and little men are in the red, but the big man is likely to suffer more in the end. He has fixed charges to meet on a large, depreciating investment. Under individual ownership and operation, crop surpluses have been and always will be unpredictable. This would be a risky situation for a centrally planned production; it is too risky for large blocks of capital to flirt with indefinitely. A report of the United States Chamber of Commerce made in the summer of 1929 finds that a group of seventy-four large farms, averaging 12,000 acres, in twenty-eight States, are neither more nor less successful than small family farms. It concludes that a revolutionary change in agriculture in the direction of mass production is far from fulfilment. I submit that it never can be fulfilled. The farmer is not a business man.

There is one available compromise which may or may not eventuate successfully. It is about the only bright spot in the whole agricultural situation. By means of strong cooperative societies, with adequate supplies of credit at their command, farmers may conceivably regulate production by agreeing to a predetermined acreage, and so keep prices at a fair figure. It is conceivable that they may even purchase and use machinery cooperatively by treating their own and their neighbors' acres as one unit. Russian farmers are doing precisely this. It means the end of traditional individualism, but not necessarily the end of the farmer. The culture will be profoundly modified by cooperation, but not stamped out. Mr. Ford's scheme would stamp it out.

In the Driftway

THE bad-roads movement which the Drifter has inaugurated is meeting with nation-wide acclaim. That is to say, two readers have written that they are in favor of it, and any press agent who can't translate two readers into "nation-wide acclaim" isn't worthy of his hire. The Drifter's multitudinous correspondence comes from as far away as California, whence a writer who signs herself "fervently and forever for bad roads" tells of acquiring a house in an unspoiled fishing village on the coast. At first the house was adequately protected against invasion by a breastwork of "divinely bad" roads, but real-estate promoters have arrived, a concrete highway is under construction—and the house is for sale. Another warm supporter of the bad-roads movement arises in—of all places!—Chicago. The Drifter had supposed that good roads were essential around the Midwest metropolis in order that residents might conveniently carry about with them the machine-guns necessary for the local pastime of shooting up one's neighbors. But the Drifter's Chicago correspondent writes:

> Your low whisper for converts to join a bad-roads movement will be heard even in the wilderness of more and more cars and still more miles of concrete, and you're bound to start something. As one who has had his fling at automotive transportation—having had three motorcycles and eight cars in my time, and traveled in twenty-six States—I have been without a car for three years now and find my greatest pleasure on unused roads (though there are few of them left in this country).
>
> The point is that since good roads and motor cars go hand in hand, you will have to make flank attacks on both. To argue bad roads alone wouldn't convince many. We've got to stop making and selling so many cars, and if we can get in here, we know that bad roads will naturally follow because there won't be any gas tax or State license money with which to build roads. Economists and industrialists can be as horrified as they want to, and point out that our prosperity(?) is built on the foundation of good roads and motor cars. I, for one, am going out to convert people to bad roads and no motor cars.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not so ambitious as that—or quite so unpractical. Nobody recognizes better than he the abuses associated with the automobile. But he also knows that the time to attack the automobile was a quarter of a century ago when it had not yet been woven into our living habits and before it had arrived in the business world as an enormous vested interest. The Drifter surmises that if the automobile had come as a poor man's convenience instead of a rich man's toy its history would have been different. It is one of the splendid ironies of life in New York City that the New York Central freight trains which crawl through Eleventh Avenue are required to send a man on horseback ahead of the locomotive; and lumbering steam rollers which smooth out newly laid pavement at about four miles an hour must be preceded by a man with a red flag, but motor cars are permitted to dash along Broadway at thirty or forty miles an hour without the benefit even of a cowcatcher to toss the pedestrian out of the way.

* * * * *

NO, the Drifter does not envisage the suppression—or even adequate regulation—of the automobile by the mere pedestrian, but he does think that car drivers are themselves going to demand, and obtain, relief from the existing congestion of the roads. In the meantime taxicabs will tend to displace private cars in our large cities, while motor buses may work a similar change in the country. The general manager of the New York Automobile Club has just issued a suggestion that private cars should not be used for Christmas shopping. And as the Drifter wrote the other day, motoring as a sport is giving way to flying. The village of Radburn has already been laid out in New Jersey by the City Housing Corporation with separate, non-intersecting routes for motor cars and walkers. The Drifter's bad-roads movement is intended to make certain that along with motor highways there be also plentiful by-ways for pedestrians, horseback riders, and bicycles. The latter means of travel might then achieve a merited rejuvenation.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Devil-Dog Rule

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: All the little cats are out of the bag so long and cautiously held by our Devil Dogs. The allegations about our illegal methods in Nicaragua and Haiti made by the discontented citizens of those happy lands have been openly confirmed now by no less a person than Major General Smedley D. Butler of the United States Marine Corps.

Speaking in Pittsburgh on the evening of December 5, 1929, before an audience of seven hundred, at the annual dinner of the Pittsburgh Builders' Exchange, General Butler spilled the beans. The following newspaper account has been shown to Mr. Robert K. Cochrane, Jr., Secretary of the Pittsburgh Builders' Exchange, who invited General Butler to speak, and he has asserted that it is correct in every detail. I quote the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* of the morning of December 6:

> With the marines, General Butler took charge of two elections, he said, and "our candidates always win." Concerning elections in Nicaragua, he explained that the opposition candidates were declared bandits when it became necessary to elect a candidate. Concerning one election, he said: "The fellow we had in there, nobody liked. But he was a useful fellow—to us—so we had to keep him in. How to keep him in was the problem.
>
> "We looked up the election laws and found that the polls had to be open (a sufficient length of time) at least that's the way we translated it—and that a voter had to register to be eligible to vote."
>
> The district was then canvassed, the speaker said, and 400 were found who would vote for the proper candidate. Notice of opening of the polls was given five minutes beforehand, the 400 voters were assembled in a line and when they had voted, in about two hours, the polls were closed. The other citizens had not registered and, therefore, were ineligible to vote, he said.
>
> Regarding Haiti, General Butler told how the marine-controlled President had dissolved the Congress to prevent the legislative body from passing a new constitution. He aided the President in drawing up the edict that dissolved the Congress, the speaker said.

He related an amusing incident regarding cabinet appointments in marine-controlled Haiti. It was found necessary to secure a new "secretary of public instruction and cults." One was found who would be amenable to marine reason, but, when they attempted to learn his name, they found he could not write, or even spell, his own name. He was in office two weeks. Later, the general found that the man who urged his appointment did so to secure a debt of $50 owed to him by the illiterate. The "secretary of public instruction and cults" was his barber.

General Butler was equally indiscreet regarding the official families of his commanding officers, the Presidents of the United States. Referring to the policemen with whom he worked for law, order, and honest elections in Philadelphia, he said: "The average of honesty on the police forces of America is as good as in the cabinets of some of the Presidents."

Is it possible, General Butler, that you mean the members of the Cabinets with whom President Hoover once sat as a fellow Cabinet officer? And is it possible that, with sly irony, you are indicating that these ex-comrades of Hoover were not all they might be? Don't you think you ought to explain to the President? And don't you think the President ought to order an explanation, both of your insinuations that our rule in Nicaragua and Haiti is crooked, and that recent Cabinet members have been dishonest? And you, Mr. Hoover, did you mean it when you said in your Congressional message, just three days before General Butler blabbed, that in a large sense you do not wish us to be thus represented by marines abroad?

Whatever the President may do, it is obvious that the Senate of the United States, possibly on a motion to be instituted by Senator Borah as chairman of the Committe on Foreign Affairs, should immediately hold a Senate investigation of these charges against the marines. I am telegraphing this Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* account to Senator Borah today, asking if such accusations against the marines, and therefore against the United States of America, on the part of so high-ranking a man as Major General Butler, do not demand a Senate inquiry.

One last sweet touch. General Butler flew from the Quantico Marine Barracks to Pittsburgh in a United States airplane. Splendid, for he was indeed on public business—perhaps the most important public business he has ever engaged in—that of letting the cat out of the bag.

Pittsburgh, Pa., December 6 Sinclair Lewis

It Would!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Do you think it would make interesting reading if Soviet Russia sent a note to the Government of the United States (before it is too late) calling the attention of this government to the Kellogg Peace Pact and expressing the earnest hope that the United States and Haiti will refrain from hostilities?

Brooklyn, December 6 Thomas F. Hastings

War Is—Not Polite

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following is from tonight's Toronto *Daily Star:*

> The Department of Education has banned "All Quiet on the Western Front" by Erich Maria Remarque from the circulating library which travels throughout the public-school system.
>
> According to Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, deputy minister of education, the ban was placed on the book because it is considered by the department to be "coarse, vulgar, and not polite."

John A. Astle-Bateman

Toronto, Ontario, November 25

Armistice Sunday

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of November 27 you publish a letter in which Philip Schiller says he will be "happy to raise a healthy sum as the first contribution to a fund for printing and distributing Waitstill H. Sharp's article . . . on the true significance of Armistice Sunday." To such a fund I shall be happy to contribute. I am a Canadian country parson and preach in three churches every Sunday. In each of these on November 10 I read Mr. Sharp's article without comment—save that I regarded the paper in which it appeared as the most honest on this continent.

John C. Mortimer

Black River Bridge, New Brunswick, November 26

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Books and Drama

Trade Rats

By LEONORA SPEYER

We thought the house was haunted till they said
The trade rats ran at large about the place;
We never met the rodents face to face,
But marked their trade: small twigs or bits of thread
Meant something missing—pencils by my bed
Or gloves perhaps; a bird's wing with the trace
Of gnawing teeth, exchanged for good old lace;
A jewel gone, two pebbles there instead.

These rats, thought I without much bitterness,
Reminded me of one who, much as they,
Traded and went his sly, ingenuous way;
Taking like them the more, to leave the less.
All honest thieves! I had no doubt of that—
Which seemed enough to ask of any rat.

Cloud Cities

By ISRAEL NEWMAN

They will not share the moldering fame
Of cities buried in the dust,
These cities that the cranes pile up
On girdered steel immune to rust.

They will not rot dim centuries
Till men exhume dome, tower, and gate;
For cities buried in the clouds
The winds dig up; winds never wait.

A Great Adventurer

La Fayette. By Brand Whitlock. D. Appleton and Company. Two volumes. $10.

OCCASIONALLY, even in these days of materialism, it is possible to find an old lady still boasting of a great-grandmother or other remote relative who once danced with La Fayette. Traditions like this are not common, and the names which give them life are even rarer. Possibly in France some dowager may lay claim to a progenitor who once kissed Benjamin Franklin. But who ever heard anyone making a family legend of a dance with Thomas Jefferson or John Marshall, for example, or—Heaven forbid!—with John Adams? La Fayette, however, was cast in a different mold from any of these, and for one reason or another every American treasured highly any association with him, no matter how slight. In these two volumes Mr. Whitlock tells why.

La Fayette is still one of the national heroes of this country, and so far no writer of the ultra-modern school has seen fit to lay profane hands upon him. Both for the memory of La Fayette himself and for the peace of mind of his admirers it is well that Mr. Whitlock came to realize the need for a new biography before, let us say, Mr. Strachey or Mr. Hackett hit upon the subject. No matter how much one admires and enjoys the keen irony of Strachey's "Queen Victoria," one realizes that the blithe spirit of La Fayette would suffer under that particular form of art; and Mr. Hackett, whose fineness of perception may have been a bit dulled by his robust joy in treating of the six wives of Henry VIII, would find La Fayette's delicate, idyllic love for his Adrienne something to wonder at but, one fears, not to admire.

Mr. Whitlock makes no secret of his admiration for La Fayette, but it is a justifiable admiration, born of study, hard work, and keen appreciation. The author shows an unusual grasp of the complicated period in which La Fayette lived, and a profound understanding of La Fayette himself. Throughout the two volumes he writes with assured confidence and real brilliance, without anywhere straining after effect. If there is ground for any adverse criticism, it would seem to be Mr. Whitlock's determination to make the work strictly a biography instead of a "life and times," and his consistency in following the plan through. The method occasionally results in a distorted impression; La Fayette is always kept in the exact focus of the reader's gaze, and the rest of the picture may seem slightly out of proportion. Then, too, the other figures are viewed, not in historical perspective, but as they appeared to La Fayette. But there is surprisingly little of this distortion, and the little is easily corrected.

The portrayal of La Fayette himself is a masterpiece of vividness and accuracy. Mr. Whitlock rightly conveys the impression that as a political figure or statesman La Fayette hardly merits the rank of true greatness. He could inspire people, but he could neither lead nor drive them. In his political career in France he indulged in a long, heroic, but withal fruitless endeavor to establish his ideal form of government for his country—a limited constitutional monarchy. He hoped that Louis XVI might become the head of such a government; he wished, but never expected, that Napoleon might turn his talents in that direction; even with the two restored Bourbons he never became despondent. Finally, in 1830, he thought he had at last won his cause with Louis Philippe; but Louis Philippe was a failure, as La Fayette soon realized, and, characteristically enough, he told the July monarch so to his face.

It was not as a public figure but as a man that La Fayette achieved greatness; not what he did but the way he did it that endeared him to his own age and to others. His participation in the American Revolution was in a way typical of his whole life. Judged dispassionately in the light of cold reason, there never was a more hair-brained project than this, but it gave La Fayette tremendous popularity and widespread fame. The young knight-errant of nineteen, with no military experience, had the sheer nerve to ask Silas Deane for a major-general's commission in the American army and the still greater nerve to accept it. Then he went off, in spite of the opposition of everybody who counted for anything in France, to fight for a cause the success of which was almost certain to destroy his own social order. But the world always has admired the spirit of adventure, especially when it is successful, and it has admired La Fayette ever since. During the whole seventy-seven years of his life he possessed the kind of charm that captivated almost everyone at sight. His success with the Continental Congress, suspicious of the very name of France, was a striking tribute to his powers. That body found it impossible to refuse him what he wanted. Washington loved him as a son. Even the bloodthirsty savages of the Paris mob felt his power of command. Curiously enough only the Germans, who held him prisoner for five years, remained untouched in his presence. In 1818, when he appeared once more in public life as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, Paris crowded the galleries, stirred as by a voice from the grave. When as an old man he returned to the United States in 1824, for his third visit,

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he was given the greatest ovation ever accorded by this country to a foreign celebrity. La Fayette loved "that delicious sensation of the smile of the multitude," and the multitude gave generously of its smiles. Throughout his life he was the true knight-errant as he had been as a boy in the country, as a youth in the American war, and as a national figure in France. It is a fascinating story, by Mr. Whitlock delightfully told.

RALPH VOLNEY HARLOW

A Composer at Play

Evenings in the Orchestra. By Hector Berlioz. Translated from the French by Charles E. Roche. Edited with an Introduction by Ernest Newman. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

BERLIOZ would have been pleased had he known that by the year 1929 his literary work would be all but forgotten while his musical compositions would be frequently played by every great orchestra. Now comes Ernest Newman and puts into the "Music and Musicians" series which he is editing the first English translation of "Les Soirées de l'Orchestre," which had Paris by its musical ears some seventy-five years ago. It was the opinion of Berlioz's Paris that as a composer he was interesting but that as a journalist he was great. That was an opinion which always irked him; yet now that the interest in his orchestration, which once sounded piquant or even grotesque, pales before the skill and audacity of some of the moderns, the resurrection of his literary work may once more help to obscure his music. The publication of "Evenings in the Orchestra" will perhaps make the reader turn again to his even more brilliant "Memoirs," the essence of all that is attractive in nineteenth-century French romanticism liberally flavored with a swift Gallic wit, an autobiography that W. E. Henley once underpraised as being second only to Cellini's.

"Evenings in the Orchestra" is a decameron (only it is twenty-five evenings long) with a musical accompaniment. It retails the conversations and entertainments carried on by the members of the orchestra of a provincial French opera company during the performance of works they deem beneath their attention. Berlioz as a visitor sits among them, and while half of the orchestra conscientiously saws and blows away, the rebels against mediocrity lay aside their instruments and adorn the evening with epigram and story. Even the conductor is sympathetic with the revolt and cooperates to the extent of reminding the state's hirelings when the performance is over and they may adjourn to a café. Occasionally, however, an opera for which the players have respect is put on, and then the chapter, entitled Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris" Is Being Given, is only half a page in length, for the conversation is carried on during entr'actes only.

Had Berlioz not been composer and journalist he might have become a brilliant novelist. The members of his orchestra live for the reader and always speak in character. His narrative ability is demonstrated again and again in the book, the last piece, The Adventures of William Wallace in New Zealand, being a brilliant bit of tropical romancing from which the subsequent schools of South Sea writers might have learned much. But perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the book is its amazing virtuosity, its almost incredible versatility. Apparently with no effort Berlioz turns from romance to serious and worth-while criticism (carried on, it is true, in a light vein); again to "a necrological tale" about a scoffer at "Freischütz" who subsequently made his debut in that opera as the skeleton; then to anecdotes about Napoleon at a concert, a short biography of Paganini, a pre-Werner story about P. T. Barnum and Jenny Lind. Some of the chapters were dug up from Berlioz's earlier journalistic pieces to be patched into the book; but, as Mr. Newman points out in his introduction, the patching and joining are done with the consummate skill of a man who could also compose symphonies and cause a revolution in the intricacies of orchestration.

The book is full of the musical spirit of Berlioz's own time. One is surprised, for instance, to find that Berlioz still found it necessary in the middle of the nineteenth century to proselyte in France for Beethoven. But a fresh wit prevents the reader from ever feeling that he is reading old stuff. There is, in fact, a striking sameness about the problems of the musicians of that day and this: operatic tenors were already proverbial matinee idols, and there were the wealthy and fashionable musical illiterates, the die-hard conservatives of the opera audiences, the idolized mama's pets forced into premature debuts. "Evenings in the Orchestra" was never intended as a serious contribution to musical criticism, but it does yield good entertainment on almost every page for every one, whether musical or not.

HENRY W. SIMON

Occasional Verse

Come Christmas. By Lesley Frost. Coward-McCann. $2.50.
Poems of Justice. By Thomas Curtis Clark. Chicago: Willett, Clark and Colby. $2.50.

IN "Come Christmas," edited by Lesley Frost, we have an excellent anthology of Christmas poetry. There are carols, nativity plays, prayers, lyrics, and prose commentaries. The editor has included, very wisely, a number of French carols, fewer from the German, several in Latin or in Old English with Latin refrains, and even Huron Indian songs—all in the original languages. There are poems which will delight grown-ups, a whole section of verse for children, a number of little Christmas plays suitable for acting, and some short stories about Christmas. Altogether the collection should be a source-book for a mother bent on teaching her children the naive and intense faith back of the story of the birth of the Christ child.

The anthology has the rather unusual charm of excellent taste in choice of material. The editor's knowledge of folk literature is broad and her judgment of poetry is fine. Beginning with the anonymous medieval songs, she runs through the whole of English poetry (only very occasionally including an American piece) and chooses the best of the quaint, the mystic, the descriptive, the humorous, and the philosophical verses on the Yuletide and on its myths. The pieces are well grouped and well printed, and the result is a charming book even to the attractive cover design by Prentiss Taylor. It is not a mere gathering together of a large number of verses on the subject of Christmas, but a carefully and critically selected anthology.

Most anthologies on the theme of the downtrodden classes, the laboring man, and the dignity of toil are so thoroughly propagandist as to be very bad poetry. "Poems of Justice" is far better than the average collection in its field. On the principle, remarked by Zona Gale who writes the introduction, that all good poets have at some time or other been impelled to comment upon human suffering, Mr. Clark has searched out and included many poems by authentic poets. If he has also included some of the more noisy and less able moderns, he has balanced their shouting against the more intense and quieter poetry of strong feeling. Just why propaganda is so seldom art is a question much too large to go into here. One notes, however, on reading this book, that as long as the age was fairly simple and the problems of the peasant and the poor man were easily examined and understood, the poetry of human poverty and suffering was of a much higher quality than that written today about particular mechanical industries or particular social injustices. Perhaps this is so because the theme of the earlier

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poems is actually a more universal theme. There is a dignity and a simplicity in the work of the peasant farmer which may have a corresponding dignity and simplicity in poetic expression; it is far more difficult to write about factory workers, steel workers, coal miners with true poetic intensity. The pastoral background of the peasant worker has long been material for poetry, whereas the background of the industrial worker is strange and unassimilated emotionally. And nothing, neither religion, philosophy, nor mere idea is subject for poetry until it has been assimilated by the race, and woven with emotions. Moreover, the modern propagandists in verse have tended to sentimentality and exaggeration, and both are destructive of good poetry. Burns and Blake speak with a high poetic ardor which is almost never shown by the modern poet (usually a little remote from his theme) writing upon modern economic conditions.

EDA LOU WALTON

A Non-Com.'s Story

God Have Mercy on Us. A Story of 1918. By William T. Scanlon. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

AS a thorough exposition of how a good non-commissioned officer handled a platoon of infantry in the World War this book is excellent. The author was a war-time corporal and sergeant with the Sixth Regiment of Marines. As such he tells of his tiny portion of the war—tells of it in the vernacular, and as if written out of each moment. The reader now, like the author at the time of the war, never knows where the action is, or what action it is, until after it is all over.

The book is not a novel, nor does it make any pretense of being literary. It is a narrative—a running story, to use newspaper parlance—of one man's experience in the war, and that man, apparently, a very fine non-commissioned officer. It sounds absolutely authentic, is full of bravery, of the excitement of combat, and of the dry humor of the American soldier. The essence of the American Expeditionary Force comes out of its pages. Often, however, the details of combat life of a non-commissioned officer tend to dull the narrative. The non-com. is ever present. Other than to handle his platoon and fight, the author does not permit himself to think. The book seems to lack inspiration. Maybe Mr. Scanlon remembers the old army saying that "a soldier ain't supposed to think."

The book is co-winner, with Mary Lee's "It's a Great War," of the Houghton Mifflin-American Legion Monthly $25,000 war-novel prize contest.

JAMES B. WHARTON

One View of Art

Visions and Chimeras. By Prosser Hall Frye. Marshall Jones Company. $2.50.

SELECTING authors whose ideas give scope to his moral concern—Carlyle, Arnold, Montaigne, Pascal, Ibsen—and viewing America as a land whose "temple" of art is the "movie-house . . . scarcely distinguishable from a sort of establishment it were better not to refer to at all," Professor Frye looks upon a dozen interpreters of life with grave disapprobation. Thus he laments that Sterne "lacked so completely the stern puritanical passion for personal consistency," instead of surveying the masterpiece the inconsistencies help to explain. Men and their ideas interest Professor Frye more than their books as works of art; but he wears blinders of "righteous indignation." He does not recognize, when he says "English art is bound to be more or less hypocritical," that he is describing his own words on the same page about the movie theater. His definition of a sophist as one who "denies in any way the duality of human nature" is a sophistical attempt to pave the way for his attack on Huxley and others who would substitute "blind evolution" for Providence. He devotes several pages to an effort to show that Pater has misunderstood Flaubert, when it is merely that Frye has misunderstood Pater—accepting Pater's use of truth, "the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within," as referring to scientific (and, Professor Frye would have it, moral) truths, when Pater was concerned only with truth or consistency in art.

That we have no way of determining the artist's vision save in his expression, while it prevents us from reaching his mind, hinders us in no wise from comprehending his product: we may accept, of a work of art, the thought that, if it is true to itself, it cannot then be false to any man save to one who makes prior moralistic demands. These infest the thinking of Professor Frye, who regards Western institutions and "advanced" ideas as "the last desperate resources of futility," and who sees in democracy no more than "an attempt to capitalize inferiority," manifested as progressive degradation. To him, art should be lash and sermon, not contemplation or escape.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

Aldous Huxley on Living

Do What You Will: Essays. By Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THE time is not so long past when Aldous Huxley was regarded as a bright young writer, contributing to *Vanity Fair* and such journals, who was responsible for certain slightly reprobate books with colorful titles. Anyone who picks up the present volume under the impression that it will provide him with similar light literature will be disappointed. With a mordant pen Mr. Huxley here outlines his philosophy, if the praise of contradiction can be called a philosophy. One psychological fact is as good as another; one human mood as human as another. Man is a creature ("a worm," says Mr. Huxley) who must develop himself to be entirely human, on all his many sides instead of doing violence to his nature in the endeavor to reach a sterile consistency. Down with the intellect from its chilly supremacy, and up with the imagination, the emotions, the passions! Down with those who try to starve human nature; an anathema for such men as Dean Swift who ran away from the facts of human life from cowardly squeamishness! And instead of this? "The perfected man is the complete man, the man in whom all the elements of human nature have been developed to the highest compatible with the making and holding of a psychological harmony within the individual and an external social harmony between the individual and his fellows." Good; but how does Mr. Huxley make that the consequence of the rest of his philosophy? By the principle of contradiction, presumably.

Mr. Huxley has his own squeamishness. He has a mania against machines, Taylorization, "the Bitch goddess Success," against all, in short, that flattens out bright intellectuals who preach the gospel of not being too intellectual. Do you work in a factory? Get out, says Mr. Huxley, and develop your artistic nature in the sunlight or make merry with your sporting nature fishing the streams. You cannot? You are then (for let nobody think that Mr. Huxley's philosophy has nothing to say to the ordinary man) a member of "the slave population." "The cardinal virtues, in the ancient societies, were the virtues of a class of masters" and "the immemorial de-

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cencies" are best. "The life-quenching work at machine or desk must be regarded as a necessary evil to be compensated for by the creative labors or amusements of leisure." This is Mr. Huxley's ethics of a leisure class. The truth is that Mr. Huxley, as much as poor, botched Swift, runs away from the less pleasant side of the physical facts of human life; he doesn't mind them when they are bodily unpleasantnesses, but he becomes hysterical over them when they show themselves as the harsh demands of "social harmony." Because he is in flight from his world and because, perhaps, of the physical short-sightedness of which he tells us which prevents him from enjoying all the beauties of the natural world, Mr. Huxley, who comes to us as a gospeler of nature preaching the rights of the physical passions and of physical well-being, comes also as a railer. His writings, although not his style, are disfigured by a morbid sadism, and occasionally by insincerities which are not proof against declaring themselves as arrant nonsense. Nevertheless he is a writer of outstanding distinction, and the only quarrel with him is that he does not go far enough in his campaign against those who lack the manliness to face the facts of human life in our present civilization and who take refuge in a pretty-pretty culturedness. "The humanist's system of morality is a consecration of the actual facts of life as men live it . . . the humanist moves to a realistic morality and a rational legislation." That, at least, is something to consider. GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Gautama's Influence Today

The Pilgrimage of Buddhism and a Buddhist Pilgrimage. By James Bissett Pratt. The Macmillan Company. $3.

THIS is a book for one's more serious leisure hours. It is not so learned as to be uninteresting, nor yet so superficial as to be unprofitable reading. In his "India and Its Faiths" the author had already shown himself a competent and sympathetic interpreter of Oriental religions. That study prepared him for his present task. Now he narrates in rather intimate and leisurely fashion the story of his personal observations made during extended visits to the principal centers of present-day Buddhism. Five preliminary chapters are devoted to an account of the founder of Buddhism together with an exposition of his ethical and philosophical teachings. Then one is led out upon the long trail of Buddhism's pilgrimage from its original home in India to Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and then on into China and Japan. In conclusion three of the book's thirty-four chapters survey the present status of Buddhism, discuss its unity amid great diversities, and comment upon its prospects for the future in competition with Christianity.

Professor Pratt tells his story less as an entertaining journalist and more as the philosophical observer who analyzes and evaluates the emotions, attitudes, and opinions represented in Buddhism. Above all, he views this religion as an affair of life varying from time to time in accordance with the changing experience of the different peoples by whom it has been perpetuated for some twenty-five hundred years. Yet he believes its founder, Gautama, to have been a very remarkable personality, whose influence survives even to the present day, and who has had, indeed still has, many worthy followers. But it is the movement as a whole, the organic unity of its life and growth through twenty-five centuries, that our author seeks chiefly to portray. Also he aims to understand, as far as this is possible for a sympathetic observer from without, how it feels to be a Buddhist today in those lands where sincere and intelligent persons find in this religion a real satisfaction. Buddhism is believed still to possess great vitality and to be capable of rendering to Eastern peoples a service in which it is not likely soon to be supplanted by Christianity. While it lacks certain of the Christian virtues, it has distinctive qualities that entitle it to survive. "Gentleness of spirit, cultivation of the inner life, the destruction of tyrannous desires, aspiration for spiritual freedom and for the Great Peace, these are things which Buddhism has taught with an emphasis immeasurably greater than official Christianity has dared put upon them since the second century." Each of these two great religions is conceded a right to live, its right depending in the last analysis upon its capacity to serve the moral, spiritual, and intellectual needs of its devotees. This may seem a hard saying to some missionaries in each of these faiths, but the history of all religions seems unmistakably to demonstrate its validity.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

America's "Empire"

The Imperial Dollar. By Hiram Motherwell. Brentano's. $3.50.

SOME nations are born empires, some achieve empire, and some have empire thrust upon them. The United States, according to Mr. Motherwell, finds itself in the third group, with moments in which it joins the second. Its empire is in part political, as is witnessed by the Platt Amendment placing restrictions upon Cuba and by intervention in Haiti, Nicaragua, and elsewhere; but it is mainly financial, as is evidenced by the role it is playing in the Old World. This imperialism proceeds without a comprehensive policy. What is even more of a paradox, it proceeds in the face of cherished traditions—isolation, freedom of the seas, reciprocity. Mr. Motherwell's picture is of a self-centered, naive nation impelled by circumstances to act in contradiction of its idea of itself and, from being a simple homebody always in debt, developing into a globe-trotter with plenty of money to lend. The Almighty Dollar is justifying its nickname.

Motives, methods, and results in this imperialism are mixed. Mr. Motherwell obviously tries to be fair. He is gently ironical over our blundering interference in Central America and enthusiastic over our investments in Europe. Neither half of our imperialism is wholly or mainly malicious; neither half is entirely or chiefly disinterested. But the financial half shows us off to much better advantage than the political. This half we have partly achieved, partly had thrust upon us, since the war. In the account of the change thus brought about in our financial status Mr. Motherwell is particularly interesting and convincing. The fact is familiar enough—the reversal of a debtor into a creditor—but the dimensions of the change grow only more impressive by repetition. Mr. Motherwell is not carried away by the sensational figures in which he deals. He reminds his readers that the explanation of America's sudden predominance in the post-war world is not that America has been abnormal, but that Europe has been subnormal. Even now our annual investments abroad, reckoned in dollars, are only half as large as were those of Great Britain before the war. Moreover, the dollars in which the British investments are reckoned had a purchasing power 50 per cent higher than has the dollar today.

Yet Mr. Motherwell is a bit dazzled as well as thrilled by the new American imperialism. He is not sure of just what it may mean for the world, although he is inclined to regard it as a beneficent force. Poverty he defines as a disease to be fought, and "modern imperialism," he thinks, "is the best weapon yet devised to fight it." The chief interest of his book, however, is less in its comment than in its record of what has happened, especially since the war. In an appendix are some

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extremely interesting tables relating to the income, wealth, debts, etc., of various nations. A touch of superficiality is evident here and there, as in the notion that recent phenomena have defied economic law. Economic law is made of sterner stuff than Mr. Motherwell seems to realize. If, for instance, tourists' payments are playing a larger part in international settlements than economists formerly allowed them, they cannot be said on that account to be assisting the United States to "escape from the clutches of economic law." Our financial "empire" was established, whether consciously or not, in strict accordance with economic law and its permanence depends upon the maintenance of that relation.

ROYAL J. DAVIS

Travel Briefs

The Road to Oregon. By W. J. Ghent. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

The story of the conquest of the American Far West can at last be told. Two generations have grown up since the conquest ended. Those who took part in it are dead or very old. History has taken it for her own. From now on there will come an ever-growing volume of literature concerning it; in formal history, in biography, fiction, and poetry innumerable attempts will be made to recapture and recreate the epic story. "The Road to Oregon" is one volume in this flood. And it is significant that it is the first complete story of the trail. The hero—and the villain—of this book is the trail itself. Like all great trails it was found, not made, by man. Men entered upon it, fought on it, left it, died on it—Indian and fur trader and voyageur; home seeker, religious man, fortune hunter; women and children. But always the trail went on until, like the rivers it followed, it reached the sea. Day by day and year by year it grew wider and smoother under the weight of feet and hoofs and wheels until at last a wagon could roll painfully into Oregon. The names that dot the trail—Chimney Rock, Muddy Creek, Devil's Gate, Court House Rock, Sweetwater, Independence Rock, Poison Spider Creek—are mute witnesses of the hardships of the journey, of the desires and fears that crowded every covered wagon. Mr. Ghent tells a comprehensive story. His book is filled with facts, and although those facts seem not always to be used to the best advantage, they are there for the imagination to play upon. The illustrations—most of them reproductions of the melodramatic and charming prints of the time—are very effective. There is one omission, however, which is too serious to be forgiven: although the course of the trail is given minutely, one looks in vain for a good map on which to trace it.

Down the World's Most Dangerous River. By Clyde Eddy. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

A good many persons have tried to run the rapids of the Colorado River, some with success and others disastrously, since the explorations of John W. Powell in 1869, but Clyde Eddy says his expedition in the summer of 1927 was the first to navigate the stream safely at the annual period of high water. He did 800 miles, including 300 bad rapids, from Greenriver, Utah, to the end of the Grand Canyon in six weeks. His party consisted mostly of college boys who justified his belief that what they lacked in experience they would make up for in spirit.

The White Betrayal. By Hellmuth Unger. Translated by Derick Wulf. Brentano's. $2.

From the records of the Greeley expedition to the Arctic Hellmuth Unger has chosen four or five incidents, and by projecting them through his own sense of time and human destiny has recreated the agony and nobility of a futile, inexcusable tragedy. The author has wisely allowed the facts to speak for themselves. No embellishments are needed to set off the natural heroism of that lost group. Individuals glare like blanched silhouettes against the northern night. The meagerest details suggest unimagined horrors. By nothing more than the barest outline, by impressions imaginatively realized, the ruthless struggle between human fortitude and the forces of silence, barrenness, monotony, and starvation is reproduced with epic effect.

Ends of the Earth. By Roy Chapman Andrews. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

Mr. Andrews tells how he began his career as a naturalist and explorer, sketching in breezy, humorous fashion incidents on his trips, from his first one out on Long Island after the skeleton of a whale to his recent expedition into central Asia. The most pleasing thing about the book is its portrayal of the author as one man, at least, who has been able to devote his life to exactly the kind of work he wanted to do and is happy over the results. Not only have his dreams come true, but their "realization is greater than the anticipation."

Drama

So This Is Paris!

IF the archly interpolated question "One lump or two?" is the backbone of polite comedy and if the villain's sibilated threat in the direction of some "proud beauty" embodies the essence of melodrama, then the *sine qua non* of musical extravaganza is undoubtedly the comedian's delighted exclamation: "So *this* is Paris!" Without it and the accompanying irruption of merry maidens, the burlesque show would have become extinct at least a generation ago and "Fifty Million Frenchmen," the new revue at the Lyric, would have been as impossible as the latest production at Mr. Minsky's Winter Garden.

To say this is doubtless to admit that the basic plot of the new spectacle is not exactly novel. Indeed the very title itself is only the standard phrase translated into the contemporary idiom, and the merry maidens still make their entrance in the good old fashion. But justice compels one to add without delay that the familiar machinery has been so completely refurbished and brought up to date that the whole seems a good deal more original than a musical entertainment is expected to be. What the authors have done is to substitute the tourist's Paris for the fabulous land more usually represented, and to achieve as a result an amusing satire on the American and his doings in the City of Light. The scene, like the tourist himself, moves restlessly from the office of the American Express Company to Longchamps and Zeli's. There are many topical allusions, not only to Harry's New York bar and similar familiar shrines, but even (and by name) to certain of the more esoteric peep-shows of Montmartre—allusions which the spectator is supposed to greet with a knowing laugh. But when one adds to all this some good music and good dancing in the best contemporary style, one has as diverting a show of the sort as it is possible at the present moment to see.

The humor is, to be sure, of no very squeamish kind, and those who take pleasure in "viewing with alarm" should be able to get a good deal of satisfaction out of comparing the rowdiness of the piece with the decorum which marks the revival of "The Merry Widow" (Jolson Theater). My mem-

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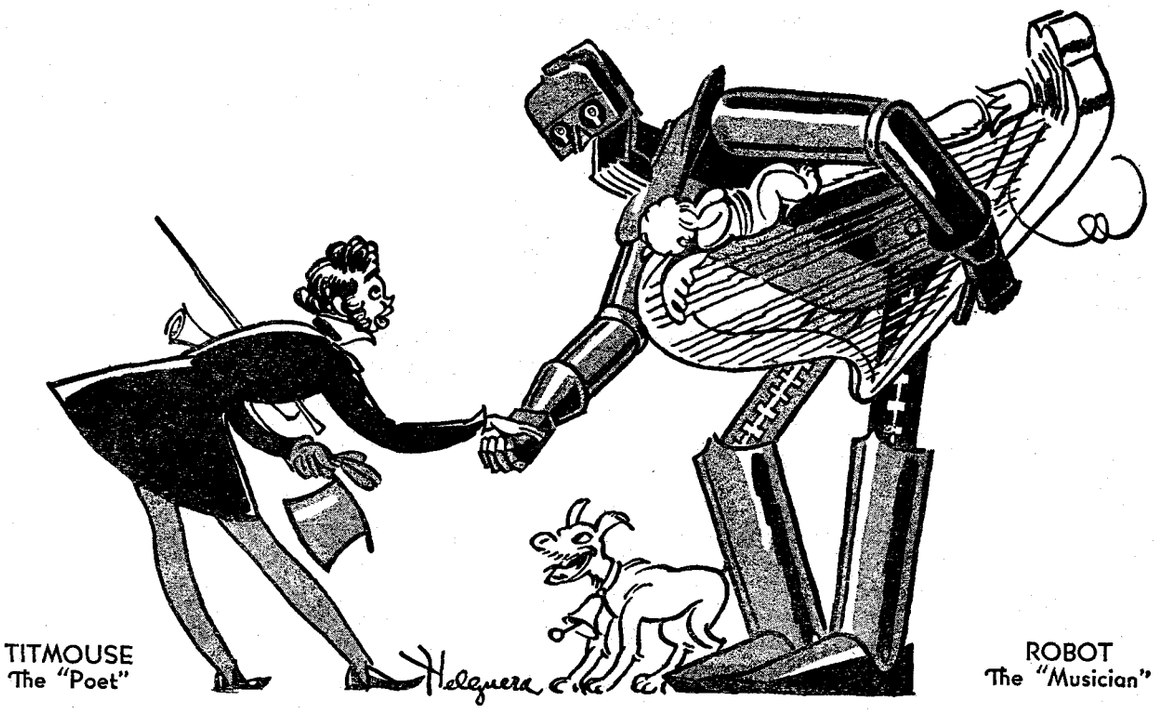

"Tittlebat Titmouse is my name
England is my nation,
London is my dwelling place
And Christ is my Salvation."

—WARREN'S "TEN THOUSAND A YEAR."

A JINGLING bit of verse—it rhymes and scans. And bears at least as close a resemblance to the Art of Poetry as Canned Music in theatres bears to the Art of Music.

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Machinery can do many things well, from a utilitarian standpoint, but music lovers deplore its attempted invasion of the field of music, where only the hands and hearts of gifted humans can give true aesthetic pleasure.

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ory does not go back (as the memory of every dramatic critic really should) to the days of "The Black Crook," but even I can recall how naughty the Lehar operetta was once supposed to be, and even I can perceive how the moralist who used to fear its unwholesome atmosphere might now very appropriately regret the good old days when the youth of the land was still innocent enough to be corrupted by a waltz and when a young man who boasted:

> With all the girls I chatter,
> I laugh and kiss and flatter

was the very last word in reckless gaiety. Who does not remember the servant Nish and his remark, while running over the list of his master's girl friends, that he was "adding up figures"? Who does not remember how the ladies blushed at this daring *double entendre*? But it can hardly seem very shocking to those accustomed to jokes like the ones in "Fifty Million Frenchmen" where, for example, a young man who is asked how he met a certain not very prepossessing lady replies: "To tell the truth, I never did exactly meet her. I just sobered up—and there she was."

Time makes all things quaint, and even naughtiness is not exempt from the general process. "The Merry Widow," which once seemed so "Continental" and so wicked, is now only charmingly romantic, and to the moralist I suggest that the fact may well be considered reassuring. Doubtless the time will come when even "Fifty Million Frenchmen" will appear sweetly old-fashioned, and it will seem no more surprising that civilization survived despite its frank allusions to the manners of nineteen-twenty-nine than it does today to realize that not even ten million renditions of "The Merry Widow" waltz in ten million innocent American homes sent all who danced by it to the bow-wows.

The good old rule about singing the things which are too silly to be said still holds, and the tone of the lyrics in any musical comedy is really determined by the tone of the music to which they are set. To tunes in the Viennese style one naturally puts words about moonlight and love; to those in the idiom of jazz one naturally joins rhymes in the mood of the one sung by the epileptic soubrette in the revue at the Lyric:

> I'd like to be the personal slave
> Of a great big man right out of a cave.

Certainly there is no maidenly reserve evident in the form of the expression; but the sentiment is, I believe, quite traditional.

"Mendel Inc." (Harris Theater) is a primitive farce about East Side plumbers, smart young Jewish salesmen, and energetic marriage brokers. It is intended for that very special audience which finds even the usual Broadway drama over its head, and it may quite possibly last about one-fifth as long as "Abie's Irish Rose"—which means, of course, some three hundred and sixty-five nights. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The revival of De Koven's "Robin Hood" (Jolson Theater), with its sometimes threadbare tunes, was a reminder of the kind of cheap horseplay in light opera over which the gay nineties enthused. It was given with acceptable voices and much life and snap. The veteran William Danforth extracted all the humor possible out of the role of the Sheriff of Nottingham. P. M.

Jack Donahue is a fine comedian who has some really funny things to say and do. Lily Damita is an exceedingly beautiful young lady. Neither Mr. Donahue nor Miss Damita can sing, but their deficiency in that respect is made up by the supporting cast and chorus. "Sons O' Guns" (Imperial Theater) is a lively, lavish musical comedy—not very original perhaps, but refreshing nevertheless. M. G.

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

PLAYS TO SEE

A Wonderful Night—Majestic—W. 44th St.
Berkeley Square—Lyceum—E. 45th St.
Bitter Sweet—Ziegfeld—54th St. & 6th Ave.
Candlelight—Empire—B'dway & 40th St.
Criminal Code—National—W. 41st St.
Fifty Million Frenchmen—Lyric—W. 42nd St.
It's a Wise Child—Belasco—W. 44th St.
June Moon—Broadhurst—W. 44th St.
Marionette Theatre—Garrick, W. 35th St.—Sat. mornings
Rope's End—Elliott—39th near 6th Ave.
Sherlock Holmes—New Amsterdam—W. 42nd St. Op. Nov. 25th.
Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
Sweet Adeline—Hammerstein—Broadway & 53rd St.
The Little Show—Music Box—W. 45th St.
The Game of Love and Death—Guild Theatre—W. 52nd St.
The Silver Swan—Martin Beck—W. 45th St. Op. Nov. 27th.
Yiddish Art Theatre—Jew Suss—Broadway & 28th St.

First Nights

Diana—Longacre—220 W. 48th St.
The Novice and the Duke—Assembly—W. 39th St.
Family Affairs—Maxine Elliott—39th near 6th Ave.

FILMS

Disraeli—Central Theatre—Broadway and 47th St.
General Crack—Warner Bros.—Broadway & 52nd St.
Hunting Tigers in India—George Cohan—Broadway and 43rd St.
Meistersinger—55th St. Playhouse—154 W. 55th St.
News Reel Theatre—Embassy—Broadway and 46th St.
Nosferatu the Vampire—Film Guild—52 W. 8th St.

CONCERTS

Dorothy Gordon's "Young People's Concert Hours"—Town Hall, 113 West 43rd St.—Sat. Aft., Dec. 28th.

Fisk Jubilee Singers—John Golden—58th St. & 7th Ave., Sun. Eve., Dec. 15th.

Jose Iturbi—Carnegie Hall—Mon. Eve., Dec. 16th. Spanish Pianist.

League of Composers—Town Hall—Wed. Eve., Dec. 18th.

Lerner Quartet—Carnegie Hall—Fri. Eve., Dec. 20th. Last Performance.

Philharmonic Symphony—Thurs. Eve., Dec. 19, 26; Fri. Aft., Dec. 20, 27; Sun. Aft., Dec. 22, 29. Carnegie Hall.

Philharmonic Symphony, Junior Orchestral Concert—Sat. Morn., Dec. 28th, Carnegie Hall.

Russian Symphonic Choir—Steinway Hall—Wed Eve., Dec. 18th—Barbizon Recital Series.

BENEFITS

Broken Dishes—Benefit for Relief Society for Socialist Prisoners and Exiles in Soviet Russia—Ritz—48th St., W. of B'dway, Mon. Eve., Dec. 23rd.

DEBATE

"Is Modern Marriage a Failure"—Bertrand Russell and John Cowper Powys—Mecca Temple—Fri. Eve., Dec. 13th.

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India and Dominion Status

IT will be recalled that in December of last year the All-India National Congress, assembled at Calcutta, passed a resolution declaring that if Dominion status were not granted by December 31, 1929, a campaign of non-cooperation and civil disobedience against Great Britain would be inaugurated and that the Indian Nationalist movement would thereafter direct its efforts toward attainment, not of Dominion status, but of complete independence. On October 31 of this year, after ten months which were marked in India by increasingly numerous and violent industrial and political disputes Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, issued an important statement concerning the future status of India. We reprint it here together with a manifesto issued in reply to it by a conference of Indian leaders at Delhi. These two statements are particularly interesting in view of the coming session of the All-India Congress, which meets late in December. At this meeting Indian leaders must decide whether they will accept the Viceroy's statement as fulfilment of the condition laid down in their ultimatum. The Viceroy said in part:

These are critical days, when matters by which men are deeply touched are in issue and when, therefore, it is inevitable that political feeling should run high, and that misunderstandings . . . should obtain firm foothold in men's minds. I have, nevertheless, not faltered in my belief that behind all the disquieting tendencies of the time there lay the great mass of Indian opinion, overflowing all divisions of race, religion, or political thought, fundamentally loyal to the King-Emperor, and, whether consciously or not, only wanting to understand and to be understood. On the other side I have never felt any doubt that opinion in Great Britain, puzzled as it might be by events in India, or only perhaps partially informed as to their true significance, was unshaken in its determination that Great Britain should redeem to the full the pledges she has given for India's future. . . .

It is not profitable on either side to discuss to what extent, or with what justification, the appointment of a Parliamentary Commission two years ago has affected the general trend of Indian thought and action.

Sir John Simon's commission, assisted as it has been by the Indian Central Committee, is now at work on its report, and until that report is laid before Parliament it is impossible, and even if it were possible it would in the view of His Majesty's Government clearly be improper, to forecast the nature of any constitutional changes that may subsequently be proposed. . . . But what must constantly engage our attention and is a matter of deep concern to His Majesty's Government, is the discovery of means by which, when the commission has reported, the broad question of British-Indian constitutional advance may be approached in cooperation with all those who can speak authoritatively for opinion in British India. . . .

Lord Irwin then refers to the recent correspondence between the head of the Simon commission and the Prime Minister in which Sir John Simon suggests and Mr. MacDonald agrees to a conference in which the Government would meet representatives of both British India and the Indian states "for the purpose of seeking the greatest possible measure of agreement for the final proposals which it would later be the duty of His Majesty's Government to submit to the Parliament." The Viceroy's statement proceeds to outline the goal of English policy in India:

The goal of British policy was stated in the declaration of August, 1917, to be that of providing for "the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire." As I recently pointed out, my own Instrument of Instructions from the King-Emperor expressly states that it is His Majesty's will and pleasure that the plans laid by Parliament in 1919 should be the means by which British India may attain its due place among His Dominions. Ministers of the Crown, moreover, have more than once publicly declared that it is the desire of the British Government that India should, in the fulness of time, take her place in the Empire in equal partnership with the Dominions. But in view of the doubts which have been expressed both in Great Britain and India regarding the interpretation to be placed on the intentions of the British Government in enacting the Statute of 1919, I am authorized on behalf of His Majesty's Government to state clearly that in their judgment it is implicit in the declaration of 1917 that the natural issue of India's constitutional progress, as there contemplated, is the attainment of Dominion status.

In the full realization of this policy, it is evidently important that the Indian states should be afforded an opportunity of finding their place, and, even if we cannot at present exactly foresee on what lines this development may be shaped, it is from every point of view desirable that whatever can be done should be done to insure that action taken now is not inconsistent with the attainment of the ultimate purpose which those, whether in British India or the states, who look forward to some unity of All India, have in view.

His Majesty's Government consider that both these objects —namely, that of finding the best approach to the British Indian side of the problem, and, secondly, of insuring that in this process the wider question of closer relations in the future between the two parts of Greater India is not overlooked—can best be achieved by the adoption of procedure such as the commission has outlined. When, therefore, the commission and the Indian Central Committee have submitted their reports and these have been published, and when his Majesty's Government have been able, in consultation with the Government of India, to consider these matters in the light of all the material then available, they will propose to invite representatives of different parties and interests in British India and representatives of the Indian states to meet them, separately or together as circumstances may demand, for the purpose of conference and discussion in regard both to the British-Indian and the All-Indian problems.

It is not necessary for me to say how greatly I trust that the action of His Majesty's Government may evoke response from and enlist the concurrence of all sections of opinion in India, and I believe that all who wish India well, wherever and whoever they are, desire to break through the webs of mistrust that have lately clogged the relations between India and Great Britain. . . .

The "Delhi Manifesto" replying to Lord Irwin's statement and the proposal of a conference was signed by prominent Indian Nationalists representing almost every shade of Indian opinion and including Mahatma Gandhi, Motilal Nehru, who presided last December at the All-India Con-

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gress, his son Jawaharlal Nehru, who will preside at the coming session of the congress, Mrs. Annie Besant, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, Dr. Ansari Muhammad Ali, and Srinivasa Sastri. It reads as follows:

We have read with careful consideration the Viceregal pronouncement on the question of India's future status among the nations of the world. We appreciate the sincerity underlying the declaration, as also the desire of the British Government to placate Indian opinion. We hope to be able to tender our cooperation with His Majesty's Government in their effort to evolve a scheme for a Dominion constitution suitable to India's needs, but deem it necessary that certain acts should be done, and certain points cleared up, so as to inspire trust and insure the cooperation of the principal political organizations of the country.

We consider it vital for the success of the proposed conference that, first, a policy of general conciliation should be definitely adopted to induce a calmer atmosphere; secondly, that political prisoners should be granted a general amnesty; and, thirdly, that the representation of the progressive political organizations should be effectively secured, and that the National Congress, as the largest among them, should have predominant representation.

Some doubt has been expressed about the interpretation of the paragraph in the statement made by the Viceroy on behalf of His Majesty's Government regarding Dominion status. We understand, however, that the conference is to meet, not to discuss when Dominion status shall be established, but to frame a scheme of Dominion constitution for India. We hope that we are not mistaken in thus interpreting the import and the implications of this weighty pronouncement of the Viceroy. Until the new constitution comes into existence we think it necessary that a more liberal spirit should be infused in the government of the country, that the relations of the executive and the legislature should be brought more in harmony with the object of the proposed conference, and that greater regard should be paid to constitutional methods and practices. We hold it to be absolutely essential that the public should be made to feel that a new era has come even from today, and that the new constitution is to be but the register of the fact. Lastly, we deem it an essential factor for the success of the conference that it be convened as expeditiously as possible.

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN is a London journalist and manager of the European bureau of the New York *Jewish Morning Journal.*

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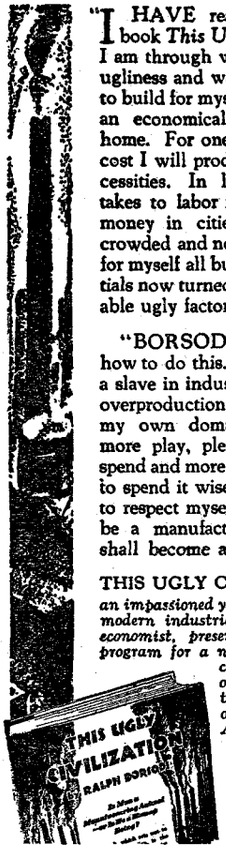

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